Sensational Maud Allan

Give Manitoba a chance

The Great Reindeer Project

Special GIFT GUIDE Inside

The Beaver

CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

December 2006 | January 2007

VIKINGS

North America was a paradise. Why did the Norse abandon it so quickly?

Are you related to this man?

You never know.

Host Jeff Douglas digs into family history.

Ancestors in the Attic

Presented by Reader's Digest Canada

Wednesdays 9:30 ET PT

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The Beaver
CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

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Canada

Climate and history

As our cover story "Viking Farewell" notes in its introduction on page 16, the weather a thousand years ago, when the Norse arrived on North America's shores, was warmer – warmer than it would be for a long period in the second millennium, as warm as it's becoming in this third millennium of gassy emissions. The Norse, a bold and enterprising people, driven by overpopulation, short growing seasons, and meagre soils in Scandinavia, had centuries before A.D. 1000 spread like rogue sperm across northern and eastern Europe as far as the Black and Caspian seas, penetrated France and Italy, and invaded the British Isles. But the Medieval Warm Period (MWP), four centuries of warmer air and sea surface temperatures between 900 and 1300 that reduced dangerous pack ice in the North Atlantic, opened up new vistas to the intrepid Norse – Iceland; then Greenland; then, finally, North America. But for the fortuitous combination of, likely, peaking solar activity and changes in large-scale ocean current movement that warmed the climate of the northern hemisphere in the MWP, it might have been centuries before any European strayed west of Iceland. It might have been, say, some Italian in the service of the Spanish court who first stepped onto the New World.

THOMAS FRICKE

Thus does climate make history.

Following the MWP was the Little Ice Age (LIA), a period of cooling temperatures that ended in the mid-nineteenth century. In New York, in 1780, people could walk from Manhattan to Staten Island over the frozen harbour. In Europe, where the phenomenon was most clearly documented, the Thames and Holland's rivers and canals froze over, permitting skating parties. Glaciers advanced in the Swiss Alps, engulfing farms and crushing villages. The wintry London that Scrooge passes through in Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol* is replete with snow not often seen in London today. The Little Ice Age was also contemporaneous with a certain fashion trend with important consequences for Canadian history. The beaver hat originated in fourteenth-century Russia and became *le must* for discerning European gentlemen after the Swedes swanked about in romantic wide-brimmed versions during the Thirty Years' War. For mass manufacture, it came to depend on pelts from bountiful North America. A hat of felted beaver was warm and repelled the rain of a damper LIA Europe, and for centuries Europeans evolved a series of imposing chapeaux, from the cascading cavalier's hat to the cocked tricorne and the decorous top hat.

Curiously, the beaver hat fell from fashion in the 1840s, just as the climate was once again beginning to warm. Was it the fickleness of fashion (the beaver hat had had a long run), new technology (a Parisian had devised a silk hat that was lighter and cheaper), or had climate change played a role? If, through the Little Ice Age, Europeans had been satisfied with cloth caps and the need for fur had not been urgent, the pattern of Canadian history would have been very different. Prince Rupert might have thought better of adventuring with Radisson and Groseilliers. There would have been no York Factory. No Cumberland House. No Selkirk Settlement. No HBC store at which to buy a new stripy blanket. No *Beaver*.

Thus (perhaps) does climate make history magazines.

Doug Whiteway
Editor
editors@historysociety.ca

COVER: CORBIS

Detail from *Passengers and Mail, Crossing the River* by Cornelius Krieghoff, 1860.

As a nation, Canada represents the communication over geography. –

The quotation is taken from Neil Compton's essay "Mass Media," printed in *Social Purpose for Canada*, a 1961 collection edited by Michael Oliver. Compton was chairman of the Department of English at Montreal's Sir George Williams University, which is now part of Concordia University.

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Letters

War ignored

In late August, I attended the *Clash of Empires: The War that Made Canada*, 1754–1763, exhibition at the Canadian War Museum. Then in mid-September, I attended the Veterans' Memorial unveiling ceremony at Queen's Park in Toronto. If, as the title of your October/November feature suggests, the Seven Years' War made Canada, then the War of 1812 surely preserved it. Yet there is no mention of the War of 1812 on the Veterans' Memorial in Queen's Park.

Ironically, the military parade (billed as the largest since World War II) marched from Fort York to the Veterans' Memorial. In addition, mention was made that the date of the unveiling, September 17, 2006, was, to the day, the 214th anniversary of the first sitting of Ontario's first legislature at Newark (today's Niagara-on-the-Lake).

So I ask, is Brock not to be remembered as Wolfe is remembered? Is Lundy's Lane not remembered as the Plains of Abraham is remembered? Does Ontario's military history really begin with the Fenian Raids?

DOUGLAS L. MARTIN
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Flu bug

The box on page 29 of the October/November issue of *The Beaver* will be exciting news for students of World War I and especially students of the Versailles Treaty, stating as the box's head does that U.S. president Woodrow Wilson was unable to attend the treaty negotiations (because he had the flu), and as the text says "Had he been able to participate" the treaty would have been much better.

It is incumbent on *The Beaver*, I suggest, to correct such careless scholars as Professor Margaret MacMillan, whose *Paris 1919* incredibly has Wilson arriving in Paris for the treaty negotiations in December 1918 and expressing great satisfaction with the treaty when it's done. And John Maynard Keynes, for heaven's sake, whose *Economic Consequences of the Peace* starts off with the drama of Wilson's arriving in Paris for the treaty.

Well it's too late to correct Keynes, I guess: he has left us. But Professor MacMillan is still alive and still writing, and I do hope *The Beaver* will straighten her out.

PATRICK WATSON
TORONTO, ONTARIO

No dad of mine

I doubt that I am alone in convulsing, albeit temporarily, at the mention of Joseph Howe being a Father of Confederation in the sidebar to the article on his fellow Nova Scotian, Amor De Cosmos ["Different Drummer," October/November 2006]. Howe was an unrelenting opponent of Confederation at the time of its happening. He referred to it as the "botheration scheme." However, he later relented when a place was opened for him in the federal Cabinet, courtesy of his previous opponents, John A. Macdonald and Charles Tupper. That aside, my congratulations on a very fine piece of work.

RON MACDONALD
NORTH SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA

Anyway, this is Jimmy Gardiner

I don't want to be too critical of Christopher Moore in his article on my grandfather. ["Who was Jimmy Gardiner anyway?" October/November 2006]. Moore captured many aspects of his career. But I take issue with the hero-antagonist scenario being used to rationalize *Prairie Giant*'s lies of history and defamation of Jimmy Gardiner.

Moore suggests that Gardiner might accept a movie that portrayed him as fighting for the causes he believed in. This is precisely where *Prairie Giant* fails. In their zeal to portray Tommy Douglas as a hero, the writers got it all wrong. To further embellish the "myth of Tommy," they set up Jimmy Gardiner for a fall.

While beautifully filmed, the movie is an appalling piece of writing. It has Gardiner fighting *against* what he believed in. It has him speaking for the government he opposed, speaking in a derogatory way about immigrants, and working against the economic interests of Saskatchewan. No disclaimer could adequately describe the historical fallacies of the script.

Yes, Gardiner was a scrappy debater and Liberal organizer. Yes, he opposed socialism and communism. But he was not the fat cat to Douglas's little mouse.

Gardiner considered the Liberal Party to be Saskatchewan's socially progressive party, which introduced cooperative grain elevators and creameries, farm loans, hail insurance, a government telephone system, old age pensions, municipal health and hospital units, free TB treatment, and the Saskatchewan Power Commission. He considered his greatest adversary to be J.T.M. Anderson, the Conservative leader whom he opposed from 1929 to 1934, not Tommy Douglas.

Historian Bill Brennan is quoted in Moore's article: "Jimmy Gardiner dominated Saskatchewan for half a century." However, even this understates his role on the national stage where he was the "Voice of the West."

MARG GARDINER
VICTORIA, B.C.

Wright and wrong

After reading Mr. Whiteway's comments on "Selling the Prairie Good Life" errors [Editor's Note, October/November 2006], I thought to myself that while I knew the illustration on page 25 of the August/September issue was not that of a bushel or even a bale, the error really was so unimportant that it didn't click on me and passed for good writing.

However, a few pages later, I was reading with great interest the article on Charles Seymour Wright [Moment, October/November 2006] when I noticed something odd in the caption of the pic-

ture of a man with a horse just above it.

"Who is Charles Seymour Scott?" I asked myself, and continued reading the article in order to find out.

Well, all I found out is that, unfortunately, you get to tear your hair out in abject remorse and wear sackcloth and ashes once again, for I fear that another error has slipped into your wonderful magazine.

Perhaps you could make light of errors by sponsoring a contest to find them, with a small prize to the first person who reports them. This would also remove the unwholesome idea that you or your staff are not perfect, and thus restore the high degree of esteem in which your readers hold you.

In any event, it was another opportunity for me to remember my father's favourite saying, "In a hundred years from now, we'll all look back on this and laugh." Please permit me a small but respectful snigger today, though?

A. Frank Johansen
Aurora, Ontario

[Ed: Identifying Charles Seymour Wright, who accompanied Antarctic explorer Robert Scott as "Charles Seymour Scott" in the picture caption, page 10, and reversing the first names of two members of Scott's team (they should be Edgar Evans and Edward Wilson) is entirely the fault of Beaver *staff, not that of the article's writer, Susan Goldenberg. The wet noodle has been out and thrashings have taken place.]*

Misapprehending reality

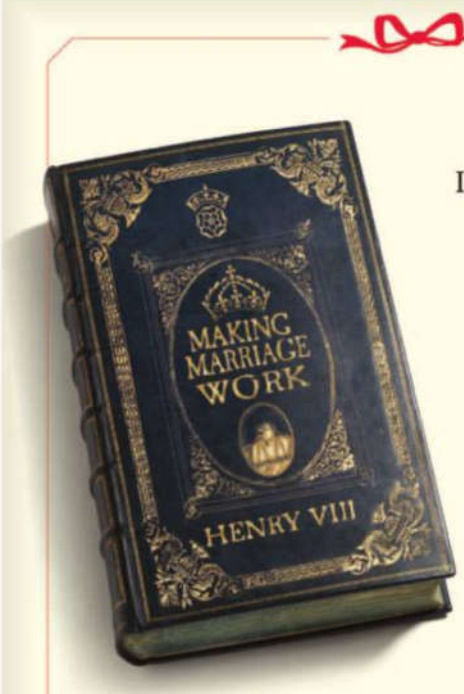
I was disappointed to read your review of Paul Chiasson's book, *The Island of Seven Cities* (October/November 2006). This review, which seems to endorse the book as a good mystery, if nothing else, would be more appropriate in a literary journal. Your reviewer could have looked more critically at Chiasson's technique for constructing his house of cards, allowing one supposition to be the solid footing on which the next supposition is built. This is not good history. It is merely enthusiastic, if well-intentioned, speculation based on a poor understanding of geological science, Mi'kmaq ethnography, historical cartography, and local history.

As an archaeologist who has viewed the site, I can confidently state that Chiasson's fifteenth-century Chinese settlement on Kelly's Mountain is fabricated from natural features and twentieth-century activities. Archaeologists and historians are not uninterested in radical changes to the historical record. Everyone loves to shake up the orthodox perspective. But it is our job to look critically at the evidence and consider the alternatives. In this case the story falls apart very quickly. Lynn Baechler, a hydrogeologist living on Cape Breton Island, has fully documented disturbances to the site. They include firefighting efforts in 1952 during which a road was constructed up the hill, and later environmental and feasibility studies for a proposed rock quarry on the mountain in the 1990s that laid out the so-called courtyards, among other things. Chiasson refuses to consider the implications of this information. Nor will he accept that features identified in 1954 air photos, which he had mistakenly dated to 1929 in the book, are not present in air photos from 1931.

Scotomization, according to the *National Post*, is "the psychological tendency in people to see what they want to see and not see what they don't want to see … due to the psychological impact that seeing (or not seeing) would inflict." Good researchers, be they architects, historians, or archaeologists, struggle against this tendency. Paul Chiasson does not. His book does not offer your readers new insight into Canadian history.

Rob Ferguson
Halifax, Nova Scotia

***The Beaver* welcomes readers' comments.** E-mail us at editors@historysociety.ca or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.



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Currents

Our home & native...

A toboggan made by the Eastern Woods Cree.

Toboggan

What's the difference between a toboggan and a sled? A sled has runners on the underside; toboggans sit directly on the surface of the snow. Used for recreation or athletic competition today (think luge and bobsled), toboggans served a more practical purpose for the native people who invented them.

Toboggans were used to lug heavy loads over long tracts of snow-covered terrain. This was more efficient and less strenuous than carrying the loads on backs or dragging them on the ground.

Early toboggans closely resembled the mass-manufactured ones we're more familiar with. Thin wooden planks were bound side-by-side and curved upward at the front. Horizontal cleats provided durability, though now they tell us where to sit. Cords were strung through the cleats and looped out the front for either humans or dogs to pull.

Toboggans lacked steering, so when racing down a hill or the side of a valley, riders would use their feet for braking and shift their weight to turn. Toboggans greatly improved the ability of native people to travel and trade over long distances, expanding exploration and connecting communities. **–R.W.**

CANADIAN MUSEUM OF CIVILIZATION/CATALOGUE #III-D-314/ROSS TAYLOR/IMAGE #S95-29817

Living History

Wally's worlds

At the back of his father's tailor shop in Victoria's Chinatown in the 1930s, a young Wally Chung played for hours beneath a poster of the *Empress of Asia*, the ocean liner that brought his mother to Canada in 1919. His fascination with the ship and the company that operated it, the Canadian Pacific Railway, sparked a lifetime of collecting.

But now Wally Chung's collection lives at the University of British Columbia instead of his basement. In 1999, Chung and his wife, Madeleine, donated some 25,000 objects to the institution.

Canada's Cultural Property Export Review Board designated the Chung Collection a national treasure; the centrepiece is a scale model of – what else – the *Empress of Asia*. Wally rescued it from thirty years of neglect in an unheated basement of a Toronto condominium and put his surgeon's skills to work. Six years and 4,000 hours of painstaking work later, the restored liner, complete with moveable doorknobs on the stateroom doors, graces UBC's Koerner Library.

Installing the ship was simple compared to sorting through Wally's treasures. Even with his help, it took three archivists months to organize the collection, now searchable online at <chung.library.ubc.ca/chung/index.cfm>.

There are three themes: the Chinese experience in North America, the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the history of British Columbia, focusing on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Among its many treasures are a number of head-tax certificates and the business records of Yip Sang, one of Vancouver's most successful merchants at the turn of the twentieth century.

Dr. Wally Chung sits in front of the University of British Columbia with a photo of his father's tailor shop.

ROBERT KARPA

There are also CPR travel posters and pamphlets; letters from "Hossie" (E.H. Hoskin) to "Feathers," his wife, describing life aboard the CP luxury liner he captained in the 1930s – including meeting Noel Coward; and first editions of Cook's and Vancouver's explorations, as well as those of Father of Confederation Hector Langevin. In 1871, as Canada's minister of public works, Langevin made his way westward to see if Canada's newest province, British Columbia, was worth having!

Entering the UBC vault is like entering Tut's tomb for the first time, only this treasure trove is filled with boxes of CPR butter knives and dinner dishes, evocative remnants of a magnificent age of transoceanic travel. There are even a number of ceramic chamber pots, tastefully decorated with the company's logo.

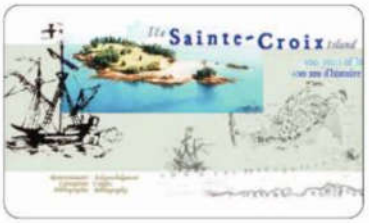
TAKE THE
DAY OFF
December 11
To commemorate the 1962 execution of Ronald Turpin and Arthur Lucas for murder in Toronto – the last hanging in Canada. Pity Arthur Ellis.

In sixty years of collecting, Chung amassed more than four hundred pieces of the railway company's porcelain, courtesy of a diver. Though renowned for their service, it seems the CPR's stewards didn't like doing dishes and consigned the dirty plates to the deep when no one was watching. If the Pacific Ocean ever dried up, Wally says, all you'd have to do to get to China is follow the trail of saucers and platters.

Full of unique objects, the Chung Collection is itself an artifact: a reflection of one man's experience in Canada – of memory, identity, and belonging. Wally Chung, who saw his father brave the racist taunts of a bigoted country, grew up to become an influential and successful member of a different Canada, claiming his place in it through collecting not just the material traces of his parents' community, but of his own: British Columbia.

– Tina Loo

ON THE Web



collections.ic.gc.ca/ile-ste-croix

Discover the history of the Sainte-Croix Islands before, during, and after colonization. Through stories, maps, and timelines, this site starts with the arrival of the first native settlers 11,000 years ago – an event and date some contest – and moves ahead to 2004, the 400th anniversary of the island's first French settlement.

www.findagrave.com

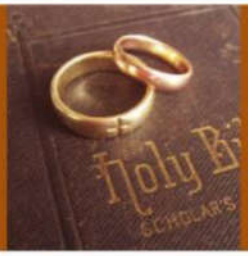
Delightfully morbid, yet somehow touching, use this site to visit the graves and read the epitaphs and obituaries of historical figures from across Canada and much of the world. Leave virtual flowers and notes, submit your own photographs and articles, or cast your vote to determine the level of fame of the deceased.

www.ourroots.ca

Our Roots offers access to a vast collection of historic books. While designed as a research tool for students, you'll find plenty of stories of interest. Read H.R. Casgrain's 1906 biography *Montcalm and Wolfe* or William Clark Bethune's 1937 *Canada's Western Northland: Its History, Resources, Population and Administration.* An ambitious and fascinating archive of Canadian writing.

December 21

To note the installation of the first electric streetlights in Charlottetown in 1885.
Flick a switch.



December 29

To mark the 1798 Royal Assent of legislation recognizing marriages not performed by the Church of England.
Tie the knot.

Currents

Fire at St. Marie Among the Hurons

On August 22, 2006, fire damaged the historic site of St. Marie Among the Hurons at Midland, Ontario. St. Marie is a reconstruction of the Jesuit mission built in 1639 and burned on May 15, 1649, by the men who erected it. St. Marie was a home away from home for sixty-six missionaries, or one-fifth of the Europeans in New France. The self-sufficient community was a place of retreat. The goal, encouraged by Samuel de Champlain, was colonization through conversion of the Wendake people to Catholicism.

DAN KERR

The fire-damaged exterior of the blacksmith shop.

Fire consumed the blacksmith, carpenter shops, and part of the chapel. The forty-year-old wooden structures were tinder dry after several drought years. Jan Gray, general manager of Huronia Historical Parks, was relieved that the fire was quickly contained. "We now have a lot of faith in our volunteer fire department and emergency procedures." Replacing the buildings without architectural drawings will be a challenge, compounded by limited availability of labour skilled in reconstruction and the high price of hand-hewn timber. **– Pat Kerr**

Moment

December 25, 1604: The first colonists in the Americas celebrate Christmas

Cold, miserable, and starving, the first colonists in the Americas celebrate Christmas huddled together in their frigid houses on the Isle de Sainte Croix on the border of New Brunswick and Maine in the Bay of Fundy. Yet, for these lonely men from France, all is not gloom. A Roman Catholic Mass or a Protestant service is held in their recently constructed ecumenical chapel. They enjoy a cup of Spanish wine poured from a wooden cask by their commander Pierre Du Gua de Monts, the recently appointed lieutenant general of the Acadias. They cheer as Samuel de Champlain, his second in command, chops frozen cider into icy blocks. They burn one of the few remaining logs of wood for good luck. Gulping down their usual fare of salted meat, cockles, and bread, they enjoy some homespun entertainment similar to the plays and songs they performed back home in France.

A sketch of the Isle de Sainte Croix settlement by Champlain.

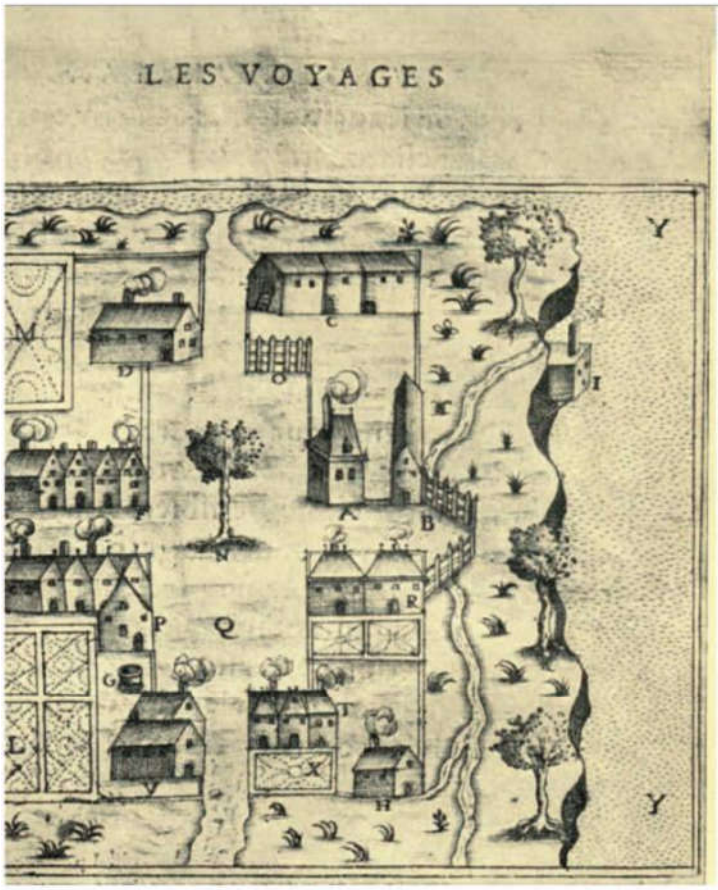
NATIONAL LIBRARY OF CANADA

This island was an odd choice for the first settlement in North America. But when the expedition of tradesmen, vagabonds, two priests, and a Huguenot minister landed on a warm June day in 1604, de Monts reasoned that an island would protect them from "hostile savages" and function as a good defense against marauding British and Spanish ships. They installed a cannon on the most southerly point and set to work making a settlement. By October they had chopped down most of the trees on the island and built twelve buildings, including a bake house, blacksmith, chapel, and cemetery. Then, on October 6, it snowed and continued to snow. Champlain wrote in his diary:

> It was difficult to know this country without having wintered there for arriving in the summer everything is pleasant in consequence, the woods, the fine country, and many varieties of good fish and game are found here, and then there are six months of winter. The cold was extreme in its severity and duration .... We were obliged to use very bad water and drink melted snow as there were no springs or brooks on the island.

On Christmas day, all seventy-nine men were still alive, although several were seriously sick with *mal de la terre* (scurvy). Drifts of ice blocked the island from the mainland, cutting them off from their only source of firewood. Biting cold penetrated their houses. Fortunately for the colonists, the "hostile savages" proved friendly, teaching them to adapt to the climate and trad-

TAKE THE
DAY OFF
January 1
To observe the 1947 enactment of the Canadian Citizenship Act, which made Canadians citizens instead of British subjects. Loosen your apron strings.



ing wild game and furs for bread, firearms, and trinkets. Champlain wrote:

> During the winter when the snow is deepest, they go hunting for moose and other animals and make use of certain racquets which they attach to their feet that enables them to travel without sinking ... such is the manner of life of these people and it seems to me very wretched.

By spring, thirty-four men were dead, including one of the priests and the Huguenot minister. It is rumoured that they are buried in the same grave face to face so they can continue their theological arguments.

When relief ships finally arrived from France with sixty more colonists, de Monts abandoned the island "to avoid the severe cold and bad winter that we experienced on Sainte Croix" and to establish a more successful settlement at Port Royal on the shores of Nova Scotia. Champlain left Port Royal, founded his own colony at Stadaconna (now Quebec City), and died there on Christmas day 1635 – coincidentally, the same region where the first Christmas was believed to have been celebrated by explorers, among them Jacques Cartier, in 1535.

Now an international historic site, a plaque and a few bones riddled with scurvy are the only relics left on the Isle de Sainte Croix to mark where the first French colonists in the Americas spent their first Christmas day. **– Katherine McIntyre**

Beaver Bites

Native quill box

Profiles of Canadian artifacts both beautiful and beaverful

This early twentieth-century quill box is in the tradition of the Woodland tribes of southwestern Ontario. Quills were plucked from porcupines – each animal provided up to 40,000 – and coloured using natural dyes from plants such as moss for green, beets for red, and sunflowers for yellow.

Quills become pliable when soaked. The artist inserted both ends through the material being decorated (usually birch bark) like a staple and then bent the ends back on the other side. The quills expand as they dry, locking them in place. Although laborious and time consuming, quill work is highly valued and remains a popular art form.

PHOTO BY MATTHEW BEVERLY FROM *THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER: A CELEBRATION OF CANADIAN SYMBOLS*, DONNA AND NIGEL HUTCHINS, BOSTON MILLS PRESS, DISTRIBUTED BY FIREFLY BOOKS, REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION.

January 22

To celebrate the 200th birthday of the Royal Montreal Curling Club, the longest-running athletic club in North America. Hurry hard!

January 24

To recall the first Hudson's Bay Company fur sale in England in 1672. Beware of mad hatters.

Currents

Calendar Dec.06/Jan.07

Bill Reid wolf pendant, 1976, 22k gold with abalone shell inlay and mastodon ivory teeth.

KEIKO HAGAI/BILL REID FOUNDATION COLLECTION

British Columbia

Totems to Turquoise

See more than five hundred pieces of native North American art created by cultures such as the Tlingit, Haida, Apache, Hopi, Nisga'a, and Navajo. Inspired by collaboration between artists from the northwest and southwest coasts, the collection spans several thousand years.

Ongoing to March 25, 2007
Vancouver Museum, Vancouver
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Quebec

The Post Goes Pop

Learn how pop culture has captured our postal history. Read love letters and postcards from the 1890s, see Cliff Claven's postal uniform from *Cheers*, and sing hits such as "Please, Mr. Postman" or "Sign, Sealed, Delivered" in the karaoke corner.

November 10, 2006 to April 13, 2008
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Honouring a lost culture

William Epps Cormack (1796–1868), explorer, entrepreneur, and philanthropist, founded the Boeothick Institution in Twillingate, Newfoundland, on October 2, 1827, with the mission of "opening a communication with, and promoting the civilization of, the Red Indians of Newfoundland; and of procuring, if possible, an authentic history of that unhappy race of people, in order that their language, customs and pursuits, might be contrasted with those of other Indians and nations."

The Beothuk people disappeared from history on June 6, 1829, the day Shanawdithit, the last known surviving Beothuk, died in St. John's. She had been captured in a misdirected and failed effort by Newfoundland governors to preserve the vanishing culture and improve relations between native people and colonists.

ART AND CAROL GRIFFIN

Gerald Squire's statue, *Spirit of the Beothuk*, stands alone in the forests near Boyd's Cove, Newfoundland.

Cormack journeyed through central Newfoundland in search of the Beothuk, but found none. His last contact with the culture comprised interviews with Shanawdithit. By October 1828, the institute held its final meetings; shortly after, Cormack left Newfoundland.

Today, a statue of a solitary Beothuk woman stands at Boyd's Cove on Newfoundland's northeast coast, an archaeological site encompassing one of the largest Beothuk settlements ever discovered. *Spirit of the Beothuk* was created by Gerald Squires, who saw her in a vision. His work inspired others to join his drive to honour a lost culture, and on October 2, 1997, the renamed Beothuk Institute reincorporated – 170 years after the first meeting. On July 8, 2000, Squire's statue was unveiled, and this past May the institute held a meeting in Lewisporte, the first in central Newfoundland since the days of Cormack.

The institute's board includes Anastasia Qupee, chief of the Innu Nation; new chairperson, John Sutherland; and Ingeborg Marshall, author of the seminal *A History and Ethnography of the Beothuk*, who is one of the members working on a unique project. "We are also planning an extensive DNA investigation with the purpose of collecting information about the ancestry of the Beothuk and their genetic relationship with other northeastern Algonquian speakers," says Marshall.

Other goals include reconstruction of the institute's website, linking to other online sources of information on the Beothuk. An education committee led by Karen Ledrew-Day, administrator of the Boyd's Cove Beothuk Interpretation Centre, will undertake "a review of the provincial curriculum to determine where, to what extent, and for what purpose information regarding the Beothuk is presented to students," says Sutherland.

A historic sites committee will work to identify places of historic significance related to the Beothuk and develop them for the benefit of educators and tourists. Led by Sutherland, they want Lower Sandy Point in the Bay of Exploits, a primary migration route of the Beothuk, declared a provincial and national historic site.

The institute's other projects cover a wide swath, from documentary films, artistic expressions of Beothuk culture, publications, research, and supporting the creation of the Beothuk Trail around Red Indian Lake. "We consider it important to assemble, extend, and present as much information about the Beothuk as can be recaptured," says Marshall, "and make Newfoundlanders, Labradorians, and Canadians more aware of this long neglected part of our history." **– R.W.**

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Explorations

D'Arcy Jenish on

The Fall and Rise of David Thompson

Differing views on the merits and mistakes of one of Canada's great adventurers keep the legend alive.

Canadians have never known quite what to make of David Thompson. He has been seen as both hero and coward, genius and visionary, and, let's be honest, a sanctimonious twit and an old man touched by senility. But few would disagree that he was one of the central figures in the fur trade and exploration era of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries and the race inland that pitted the Hudson's Bay Company against the North West Company.

And most would agree that Thompson's life story reads like a Hollywood script. He begins as a poor boy in London in the 1770s; spends twenty-eight years roaming from Hudson Bay to the Pacific at the mouth of the Columbia River; produces a map of the whole damned thing based on his own surveys; learns Cree, Blackfoot, and a smattering of other native languages; enjoys a marriage of nearly sixty years to the same woman, Charlotte Small, who is part Cree and part Scottish and bears him thirteen children; goes bankrupt at the age of sixty-six; and dies near Montreal at age eighty-seven, poor, blind, and obscure, only to be rescued from oblivion in 1916 when the Champlain Society publishes a first edition of *David Thompson's Narrative*, an account of his life and travels in the northwest.

And that is when Thompson's ride on the roller coaster of public opinion begins. He started at the top, thanks to Joseph Burr Tyrrell's long, glowing introduction to the *Narrative*. Tyrrell, a geologist who worked for the Geological Survey of Canada, did Canadian history an enormous favour by editing Thompson's manuscript and preparing it for publication, which took him ten years. By the time he had completed this Herculean task, he was an unabashed admirer, with none of the professional historian's dry detachment.

David Thompson's sketch of the Salish Mountains, south of the 49th parallel, winter 1809–1810.

Tyrrell tells us that Thompson was "an excellent traveller and an exceedingly accurate and methodical surveyor." He told his story in the *Narrative* "with an accuracy that has rarely been equaled." He was a man of "great natural ability and strong moral character." Tyrell goes on to describe Thompson as "the greatest practical land geographer the world has ever known" and rounded out his portrayal with the following accolade: "There were few white men in the West in those early days who bore so consistently as he did the white flower of a blameless life."

It was all too much for professional historians Arthur Silver Morton and Richard Glover, who set out to knock Thompson off his pedestal. In a landmark article published in the *Canadian Historical Review* in 1936, Morton examined Thompson's role in the Columbia enterprise – the North West Company's attempt to extend the fur trade beyond the Rocky Mountains all the way to the Pacific Coast.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie had conceived this project after his epic journey to the coast in 1792 via a route that was too rough to be of any commercial value. Simon Fraser was the first trader/explorer dispatched west of the mountains to put the scheme into effect. He started in the fall of 1805 and by July 1807 had built four posts and reached tidewater at the mouth of the river that would come to bear his name.

Thompson made the Columbia enterprise a reality. He established a network of posts from the western slopes of the Rockies to the Pacific at the mouth of the Columbia River and gave the Montreal traders a permanent

THOMAS FISHER RARE BOOK LIBRARY/UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

foothold in that vast territory. But the work took him four years, from July 1807 until July 1811, and he reached the coast about four months behind traders from John Jacob Astor's New York-based American Fur Company, who had sailed around Cape Horn and up the west coasts of South and North America.

Thompson's work west of the Rockies was the crowning achievement of his twenty-eight years in the Northwest, but Morton concluded that the trader/explorer botched the assignment, badly, at every turn. The historian finds errors of judgment in Thompson's dealings with the Indians beyond the mountains, accuses him of making poor choices when deciding which travel routes to follow, suggests that he was guilty of cowardice at certain critical moments, and was altogether lacking as an explorer when compared to his celebrated contemporaries, Mackenzie and Fraser.

Glover completed the demolition derby. In an article he wrote for the *CHR* in 1950, the historian analyzed one small part of the *Narrative* – Thompson's memories of serving under Samuel Hearne in the winter of 1784–85 – and found it so riddled with half-truths and falsehoods that he questioned the reliability of the entire work as well as Thompson's value as a source of early western history. Glover administered a more lethal blow in his introduction to the Champlain Society's 1962 edition of the *Narrative*. He set out to dismantle "the hagiographical myth that has long hidden the real man," and he revealed an individual who was, in his words, cantankerous, obstinate, dishonest, feeble in his attempt to reach the Pacific, and guilty of mistakes and blunders at critical moments in his travels.

While Thompson always had his admirers and defenders, the work of Morton and Glover shaped perceptions of the man for many years. For example, their conclusions are repeated and amplified in Peter C. Newman's 1987 work, *Caesars of the Wilderness*.

But after all those years in the doghouse, Thompson has made a remarkable recovery. A new generation of Canadians and Americans has rediscovered the man and found much to admire. The revival began with the publication in 1994 of *Sources of the River*, an account of Thompson's adventures west of the Rockies by the Washington state writer Jack Nisbet. That year also saw the publication of Barbara Belyea's *Columbia Journals*, an edited and annotated version of the daily journals Thompson kept between October 1800 and September 1811.

In the late 1990s, Ross MacDonald, a Parks Canada communications officer based in Radium, B.C., and Bob Sandford, a heritage tourism consultant from Canmore, Alberta, began discussing ways to celebrate the life of the explorer. They realized that the 200th anniversary of Thompson's work on the Columbia was just around the corner and in January 2000 they formed the North American David Thompson Bicentennials Partnership, which has led to the creation of volunteer organizing committees in Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta, British Columbia, and three western states – Montana, Idaho, and Washington.

Bicentennial celebrations begin in the summer of 2007 and will continue until 2011 – so far more than one hundred events have been planned on both sides of the 49th parallel. Local museums in Golden, B.C.; Libby, Montana; and other diverse locales will be organizing Thompson shows and exhibits. There will be a travelling Thompson exhibit in Ontario and a display of his manuscripts at the Robarts Library at University of Toronto. Canoeists will recreate fur-trade journeys on the same rivers the traders plied. Quilters will make quilts with images depicting events in his life and Joseph Cross, a painter from Cranbrook, B.C., plans to produce one hundred oils and watercolors of historic landscapes where Thompson travelled. A full list of events and projects can be found on the bicentennial website <www.davidthompson 200.org>.

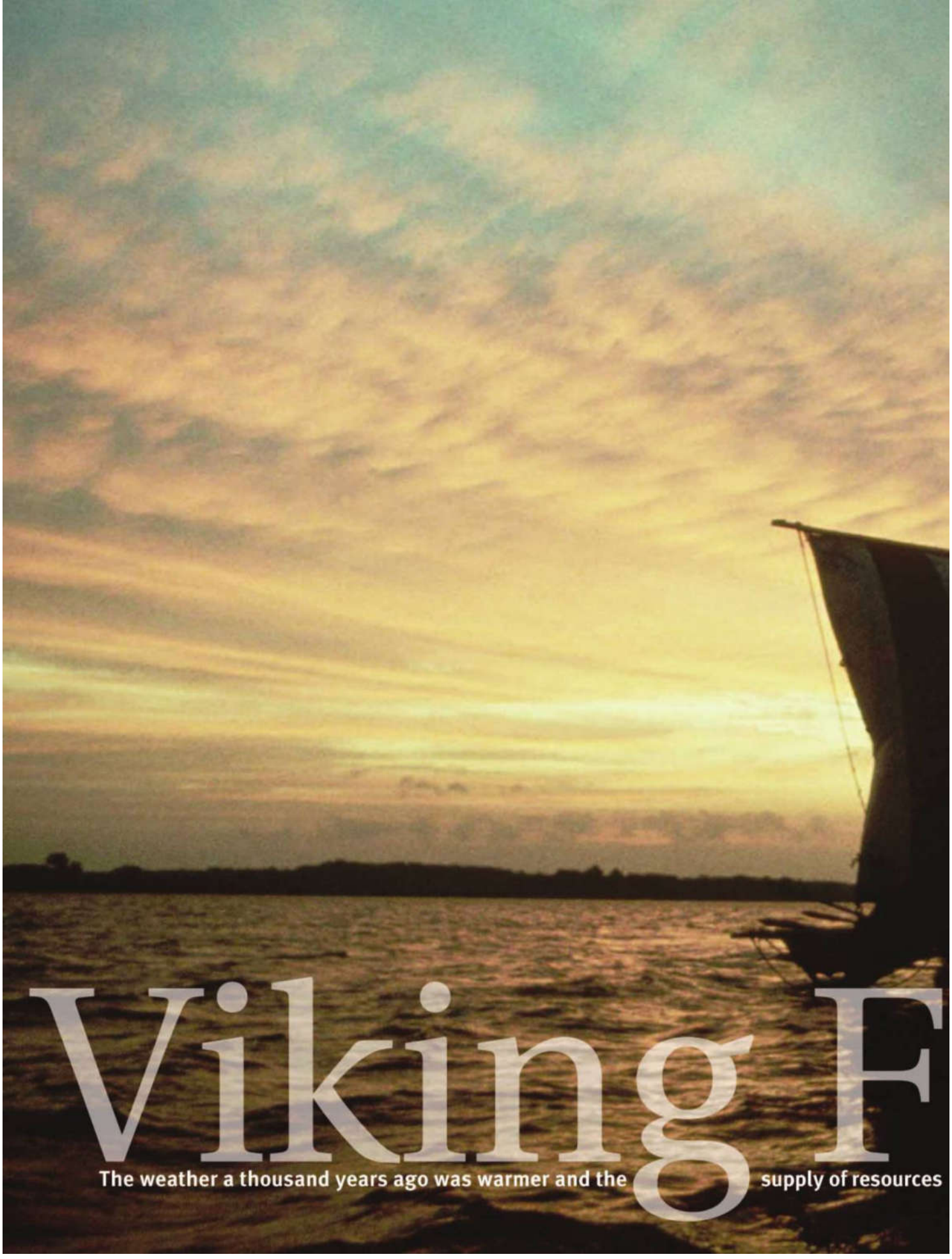
Thompson aficionados, fur-trade enthusiasts, and students of Canadian history are also eagerly awaiting the publication of a third edition of the *Narrative*, a partnership between the Champlain Society, McGill-Queen's University Press, and the University of Washington Press. Editor Bill Moreau, a University of Toronto graduate who did his Ph.D. thesis on Thompson's creation of the *Narrative*, says volume one is due out in September 2007 and will be devoted to the explorer's travels. A second volume will also deal with his various journeys, while the third will consist entirely of Thompson correspondence and other writings.

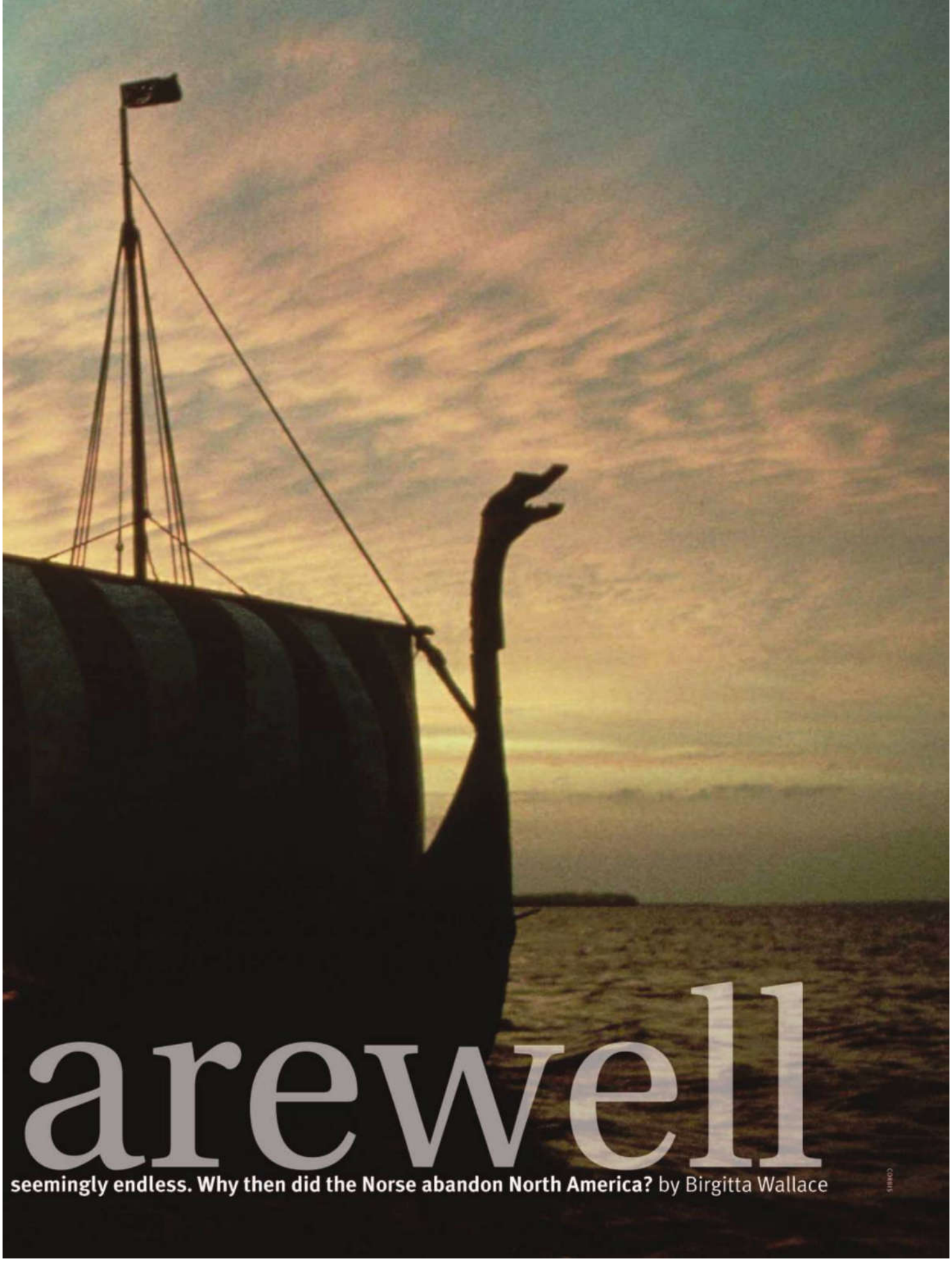
In his introduction, Moreau will assess the conflicting portrayals in the earlier editions. "You have to confront what others have said about him, both positive and negative, and come to some sort of balanced judgment," he says. "The shadows of Morton and Glover still loom heavily over Thompson."

Admirers of the man, and I confess to being one of them, still cringe when they read Morton or Glover, but in a curious way the historians did him a favour. They kept his name alive with students of history on both sides of the border. Lewis and Clark excepted, no explorer other than Thompson continues to attract so much interest, both popular and scholarly. Certainly, no individual from the Canadian fur trade remains as visible and studied today.

And Thompson is surely worthy of such attention. Say what you will about Fraser or Mackenzie, Lewis and Clark, none of them travelled as much as he did. None endured the same prolonged hardships. His achievements arguably equal theirs. And who can match his life story or the strange twists and turns his reputation has taken?

D'Arcy Jenish is a Toronto writer and author of *Epic Wanderer: David Thompson and the Mapping of the Canadian West*, the first full and complete biography of this extraordinary Canadian.


Viking F
The weather a thousand years ago was warmer and the
supply of resources



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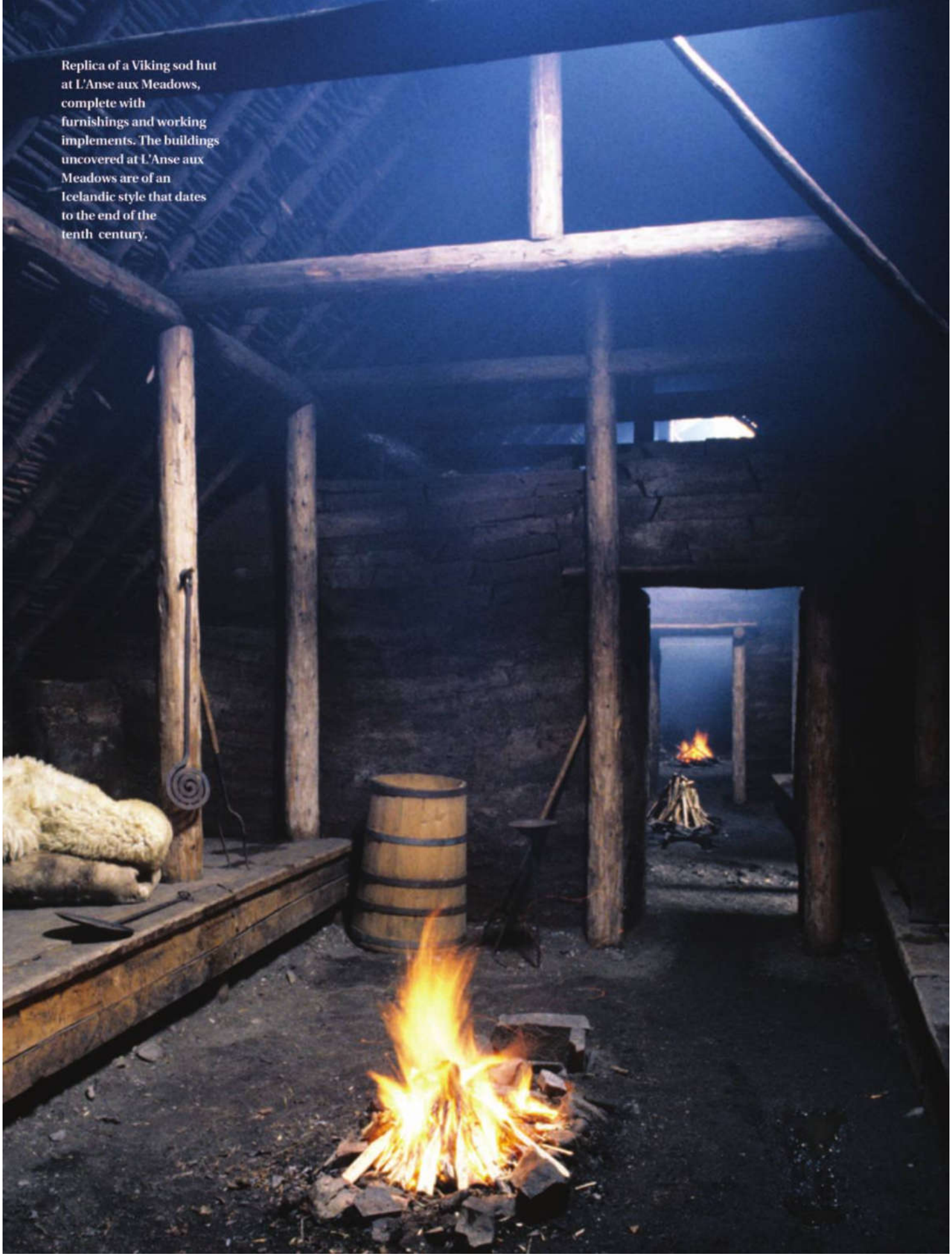
seemingly endless. Why then did the Norse abandon North America? by Birgitta Wallace

CORBIS



Replica of a Viking sod hut at L'Anse aux Meadows, complete with furnishings and working implements. The buildings uncovered at L'Anse aux Meadows are of an Icelandic style that dates to the end of the tenth century.

The last of the Vinland expeditions to the New World ended bloodily. Around A.D. 1010, Freydis, Erik the Red's daughter, persuaded two Icelandic brothers, Helgi and Finboggi, to join her expedition to Vinland by adding their own ship. They had a place to bunk, she implied: her half-brother, Leif, had built houses there already. (The location was most likely L'Anse aux Meadows.) Freydis promised the brothers that they would share the profits from the expedition equally and agreed on an equal number of men – thirty – that each group could bring. Stealthily, she hid five extra men aboard her ship. When the travellers reached Vinland, Freydis would not allow the Icelanders' party to move into Leif's buildings, so they were forced to lug their possessions away and construct their own dwelling farther inland. Meanwhile, Freydis was having timber felled for her cargo.

When winter set in, feuding arose between the two parties. Showing tremendous audacity, Freydis approached Finnbogi and demanded to have the Icelanders' ship for the return voyage, as it was larger than hers. Likely fearing Freydis' wrath, he consented, but to no avail. Freydis told her husband that the brothers had struck her, demanding that he avenge her honour. Her husband, unable to bear her taunts, rounded up his men and killed the Icelanders and their party. Freydis herself finished off the five remaining women.

Early in the spring, Freydis had the brothers' ship prepared, loaded it with all of the resources the vessel could carry, and sailed back to Greenland. So ended Norse exploration of Vinland.

In the *Greenlanders' Saga*, this is the most dramatic story, but it also contains the most fiction. If Freydis really had masterminded the killing of so many people, Icelandic law would have required matching killings of men and women in Freydis' family, and if that had happened, there probably would have been some historical record of the incident. The Vinland waters are full of shoals, and it is hard to avoid them, as so much of the conventional knowledge of Vinland and the sagas has been proven wrong over the last couple of decades. Thanks to saga research and recent archaeological work in Iceland and Greenland coupled with anthropological studies, we have a much deeper understanding of what Vinland was all about, and a whole new perspective on L'Anse aux Meadows.

According to the sagas, it was Freydis' half-brother, Leif Eriksson, who led the first Norse voyage to the New World. Promptly following that trip, in the decade beginning around A.D. 1000, four additional expeditions set sail from Greenland. Thorvald Eriksson, Leif's brother, led the first. From Leif's base in Vinland (probably L'Anse aux Meadows), he explored the coasts in several directions. During these explorations he met aboriginals, calling them *skraelings* (a term that has long since disappeared from the Scandinavian languages, and for which we do not have a precise meaning today). In one of his encounters with skraelings, Thorvald was killed.

The following year, Thorsten, another brother, set out to recover Thorvald's body for burial in a Greenland cemetery, but ended up tossed on the open seas and prevented from reaching land. The third – and second-last – expedition was led by well-to-do Icelandic merchant Thorfinn Karlsefni and his wife, Gudrid. Comprising several ships, he and his party stayed for three years. It is believed that Gudrid and Thorfinn Karlsefni's son Snorri was the first European child born in North America.

Karlsefni's party met and traded for furs with aboriginals. Archaeological evidence indicates that the

CORBIS

Eric the Red, 10th century Norwegian navigator. From Arngrin Jonas' "Gronlandia," the first printed account of the discovery of America by the Vikings.

Norse likely met the ancestors of the Mi'kmaq in the areas where they found grapes, and the forefathers of the Innu and Beothuk in more northerly regions. While some of the first meetings were relatively peaceful, relations between the Norse and skraelings soured, and skirmishes ensued. Karlsefni recognized that "there would always be fear and strife dogging them there on account of who already inhabited it." He could not have envisioned that it would be infighting, not skraeling adversaries, that would rip apart the last Vinland expedition.

Just a few years before the Norse expeditions, if anyone had been watching from the eastern shore of Canada on an early fall day around the year A.D. 986,

PARKS CANADA, A. CORNELLIER

they might have spotted a wooden ship with a large, square sail and men peering out toward land. This was the ship of Bjarni Herjolfsson, a young Icelandic trader, heading for Greenland with valuable goods from Europe. Somewhere near the southern tip of Greenland, the ship had been swept off course by storm and fog. Now that the weather had cleared, Bjarni faced an unexpected coastline of forests and rolling hills. The crew clamoured to go ashore, but exploration would have to wait. Greenland lay to the north. Steering in that direction, they eventually landed safely in southwestern Greenland. The area had been settled by a small group of Icelanders, including Bjarni's father, earlier that year. The new colonists were intrigued by news of the sighting of land farther west, but their priority was getting established in *this* new and difficult land.

By the year A.D. 1000, almost fifteen years after Bjarni's chance discovery of lands to the south, the colony in Greenland, established by Erik the Red, was thriving. Farms spread through the verdant valleys of the east and west settlements. Erik's oldest son, Leif, led the first expedition to explore the new lands to the west. Travelling south from the Arctic coasts, Leif observed distinct changes and gave names to three regions according to their physical characteristics. Farthest to the north was *Helluland*, Land of Large Stone Slabs (thought to have been all land north of the treeline in northern Labrador, including Resolution and Baffin Islands). A couple of days' sailing to the south was *Markland*, Land of Forests (probably Labrador). Continuing down the coast, he arrived at what he thought was a suitable base camp for further exploration and named it *Leifsbúðir*, "Leif's Camp." Later, when Leif decided to spend the winter there, he ordered the construction of large, permanent dwellings.

Systematic exploration of the surrounding areas ensued. Leif's men found excellent building timber, which they cut as the main cargo to bring back to Greenland. On one of the reconnaissance trips, grapes were discovered growing in the woods. So significant was this discovery that Leif named this third land *Vinland*, Land of Wine (probably the coasts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence).

Leif returned to Greenland after a couple of years. Upon the death of Erik, he assumed the role of chief. Leif did not accompany the four following expeditions to Vinland, but as chief, Leif retained control through his family.

The Norse soon found that the land was inhabited. In the *Greenlanders' Saga*, Leif's brother, Thorvald, sailing to the west, came upon a wooden drying frame, which looked like a hayrick. The next year, exploring to the north and east, he and his men found three skin boats with three men sleeping under each. Without provocation, they killed all but one. Returning to their ship, warriors in a large number of skin boats attacked them, and Thorvald was killed.

The aboriginals were especially numerous in the area of wild grapes. The first encounter with them resulted in trade. The Norse offered milk (or red cloth) in return for grey squirrel skins, marten, and other fine furs. For the Norse, everything in the new land was unexpected. For the aboriginals, the appearance of a completely different people on their shores must have been quite a surprise. The next time they met the Norse, fighting broke out and people were killed. The Norse felt that they were poorly equipped to fight the inhabitants. Although they had come to a rich land, a prolonged stay was not worth the difficulties, so they returned home. The connection to Vinland proved too difficult for the small Greenland colony to sustain, and it slipped into folklore, a mythical paradise somewhere to the west.

The Vinland Sagas

The *Vinland Sagas* are oral traditions written down in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. There are two: the *Greenlanders' Saga* and *Erik the Red's Saga*, both of which vary somewhat in detail, but essentially outline the same events, telling of the Viking encounter with North America. Both give general descriptions of the aboriginals the Vikings came in contact with, along with details of sailing distances and landscape features, which have been studied to determine the location of Vinland. There is one significant difference between the two versions. Leif Eriksson is relegated to the role of the accidental discoverer, while Thorfinn Karlsefni and his wife, Gudrid, are elevated to the role of primary leaders in *Erik's Saga*. All four expeditions are combined into one large expedition, and all the credit for the explorations goes to this couple.

As with all oral traditions, it is difficult to assess their accuracy. Documents corroborate the existence of Erik the Red, Leif Eriksson, Thorfinn Karlsefni, and Gudrid. Other personalities may also be real, but their documentation is unresolved. While the sagas appear to reflect actual events, many saga scholars maintain that the contents mirror thirteenth- or fourteenth-century views, not those of the eleventh century. The Icelandic scholars Ólafur Halldórsson and Helgi Porláksson have demonstrated that thirteenth- and fourteenth-century political agendas influenced some of the contents. For instance, *Erik's Saga* was probably composed to support a bid to have twelfth-century Bishop Björn Gilsson declared a saint. For this, he needed glorious ancestors. Björn was a direct descendent of the Icelander Thorfinn Karlsefni and his wife, Gudrid. Thus, Karlsefni is transformed into the main explorer and Leif Eriksson is reduced to an accidental discoverer of no consequence.

While conflating the story of the expeditions, *Erik's Saga* does give us a more detailed view of Vinland. It separates "Leif's Camp," or *Leifsbúðir*, into two sites: *Straumfjord*, Fjord of Currents, and *Hóp*, Tidal Lagoon. Straumfjord was a winter base in northern Vinland to which expeditions returned in the fall after exploring in several directions in the summer. Hóp was a summer camp somewhere to the south, a place from which the riches of Vinland could be exploited, mostly its lumber and grapes.

PARKS CANADA A. CORNELLIER

Viking Artifacts from L'Anse aux Meadows

A boat nail in two parts, the shank and the rove.

Piece from a needle hone, a small whetstone used by women to sharpen needles and scissors. Made of quartzite.

Spindle whorl made of soapstone.

Fragment of a bone needle. Together, the spindle whorl and needle are indications of spinning, possibly weaving, carried out at L'Anse aux Meadows.

LOCATING VINLAND

The Vinland sagas became widely known to the scholarly world in 1837 and 1838 when Danish antiquarian Carl Christian Rafn published them in Latin and English. He speculated that Vinland may have been in the border area between Massachusetts and Rhode Island. His conclusions relied primarily on two points: the presence of grapes and a sun observation stating that on the shortest day of the year, daylight was longer than in Iceland and Greenland.

Rafn never visited North America; he solicited information on Norse phenomena by corresponding with American colleagues. A small, round stone tower in Newport, Rhode Island, and a rock with carvings at Dighton, Massachusetts, were identified as Norse. The tower was declared a Norse church and the Dighton rock was believed to be a rune stone. Today, we know that the carvings on the Dighton rock are aboriginal, and the tower only dates back to the mid-seventeenth century. Even so, Rafn's identifications are still considered valid by many, and New England remains the most popular candidate for Vinland.

The first to suggest that Leif's settlement had been on the northern tip of Newfoundland's northern peninsula was William Munn in 1914. Danish archaeologist Jørgen Meldgaard had the same idea and conducted exploratory excavations about twenty-five kilometres west of L'Anse aux Meadows in 1956. Four years later, Norwegian explorer and writer Helge Ingstad arrived at L'Anse aux Meadows, where locals led him to the remains of turf walls from large buildings. Ingstad began excavations headed by his archaeologist wife, Anne Stine Ingstad, which lasted until 1968, verifying that it was a Norse settlement. In 1968, the site was declared a National Historic Site of Canada under the management of Parks Canada.

Theories placing Vinland in New England and farther south have been partly based on the false idea that this was the northern limit for wild grapes. In reality, their limit is in eastern New Brunswick inland from the Bay of Chaleur and along the Miramichi River Valley. People at L'Anse aux Meadows visited these areas in the summer and early fall.

Northeastern New Brunswick could be the site of Hóp, the southern camp. The name itself refers to shallow tidal lagoons behind sandbars. Such sandbars and lagoons exist along the entire coast of New Brunswick. Butternuts (found among Norse debris at L'Anse aux Meadows) grow along the Miramichi River, the richest area along the coast, as do wild grapes.

The Sigurdur Stefansson map, of Icelandic origin, was copied in 1670 from an earlier map, likely made in 1590 (not 1570, as it claims). On it, Vinland is located in what appears to be Newfoundland, with the bottom peninsula corresponding to the Northern Peninsula in Newfoundland. Leif Eriksson's Helluland and Markland are shown as projections from a North American continent.

When the archaeological and saga evidence are combined, Vinland emerges as the coastal land surrounding the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The southern gulf offers large hardwood forests, warm waters, and summer temperatures equal to those of southern Europe. Theorists of a more southerly Vinland fail to realize that the southern gulf area offered a lush environment full of resources for the Greenland colonists, and was much closer to home.

Finally, it was at Hóp that the Norse encountered the largest groups of aboriginals, and the Miramichi area has been home to some of the largest groups of aboriginal people in Atlantic Canada. Mi'kmaq at Metepenagiag (Red Bank) have lived in the area for at least 3,000 years. The aboriginal people the Norse met at Hóp travelled in skin canoes. Such canoes were rarely found south of central Maine and not at all south of northern Massachusetts.

VIKINGS IN TIME

789 Norwegians attack Portland

795 First recorded raids on Scotland and Ireland

c. 870 Iceland is settled by Norse settlers from the British Isles

Early 800s Norwegian emigration to Scotland

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Why did the Norse leave?

The chief factor was demography. At the time of the voyages the entire Greenland colony had no more than about four or five hundred people. Leif's Greenland was too young and small a settlement to support a distant colony.

There was no pressure for expansion. The population was sparse and spread over huge areas, with plenty of land still available.

The rich areas of Vinland were as far away as Norway, and the journey more complicated and dangerous. Communications with Norway had to be maintained for essential supplies and for cultural, personal, and religious ties.

There were too few ship owners to carry on a long-distance trade in two completely opposite directions.

The fact that Vinland was already inhabited was also a consideration.

The Greenlanders turned their eyes north to the walrus hunt for hides and ivory, which were easy to ship to Europe and which had great value in trade.

Bengt Schonback, a Swedish Viking Age expert, was chosen to lead the L'Anse aux Meadows excavations from 1973 to 1976. When he returned to Sweden in 1975, Birgitta Wallace was placed in charge of the final year of excavations and has been the archaeologist for the site ever since. Her new book on L'Anse aux Meadows and Vinland was published in November 2006, called *Westward Vikings, The Saga of L'Anse aux Meadows.*

Et Cetera

Vinland Revisited: The Norse World at the Turn of the First Millennium edited by Shannon Lewis-Simpson, Historic Sites Association of Newfoundland and Labrador, Inc., St. John's, 2002.

In *The Beaver*: "Vikings at Play" by David Gardner, August/September 1997. "Before Columbus: Early European Visitors to the Shores of the New World" by Robert McGhee, June/July 1992. "The First Europeans in America" by Gwyn Jones, Winter 1964. Back issues available through TheBeaver.ca

Test your Viking knowledge with an online game, in the vein of *So You Want to Be a Millionaire?* <history.cbc.ca/histicons/games/viking.swf>.

Sail over to the Smithonian's Viking site at <www.mnh.si.edu/vikings/start.html>.

L'Anse aux Meadows

Where does L'Anse aux Meadows fit within the Vinland sagas? L'Anse aux Meadows is not a typical Norse settlement. Most Iceland and Greenland people lived on individual farms, isolated from their neighbours. Each farm had a family house and buildings for sheltering the sheep, cattle, horses, and hay. At L'Anse aux Meadows, we find a high concentration of living quarters, including three large dwellings and four smaller houses. The site lacks evidence of shelters for livestock and fodder, but does include an iron-smelting hut. A concentration of living quarters was rare – this was not a place for farming and raising families, but a seasonal stopover between Greenland and the southern parts of Vinland.

The buildings uncovered at L'Anse aux Meadows are of a distinctly Icelandic style that developed toward the end of the tenth century. The walls were constructed of sod laid over a wooden frame. The heavy roofs, also of sod, were supported by rows of interior posts.

With the exception of one hut where iron was produced, the buildings were primarily dwellings. Three houses were large "halls" of the kind used only by chieftains and the prosperous. The largest, more than three times the size of Erik the Red's home recently excavated in Iceland, was truly a chieftain's house, used by the leader of the expeditions. It had six rooms and an attached work shed. Aside from two communal living/sleeping rooms, it also contained private living quarters. On the first expedition, this would have been Leif's house, later used by his brother Thorvald, by Thorfinn Karlsefni and Gudrid, and finally by Leif's half-sister Freydis and her husband. The other two halls were also imposing structures resembling elite homes in Iceland and Greenland where the lord of the manor surrounded himself with a large staff of domestic and hired workers. The remaining dwellings were small, the kind used by labourers and slaves, mirroring the stratification of Norse society.

The Vinland adventure was not a colonizing enterprise. The sagas are clear that the chief motivation was to search for resources needed in the home colony. The expeditions were work crews hired for one expedition, not families expecting to stay. The Strait of Belle Isle serves as a natural funnel into the Gulf of St. Lawrence for the traveller from the north. L'Anse aux Meadows sits on the western side of the tip of the northern peninsula, facing the Strait. This site was chosen not as a harbour, but because it provided access to Vinland. The only other Norse site that corresponds to the layout and function of L'Anse aux Meadows is found not in the archaeological record but in the Vinland sagas. L'Anse aux Meadows is too large and substantial not to be one of the sites mentioned, and it corresponds in all respects to Straumfjord of *Erik's Saga*, the base camp at the northern edge of Vinland, and in part Leifsbúðir of the *Greenlanders' Saga*. Here, Leif Eriksson ordered the large dwellings built, and here Gudrid gave birth to Snorri.

c. 930 Icelanders become aware of the existence of Greenland

c. 986 Erik the Red leads Icelanders to settle in Greenland; the coasts of North America are sighted

c. 1000-1050 The Viking raids end. End of the Viking Age

c. 1000 Leif Eriksson explores the coasts of North America and establishes a base in Vinland

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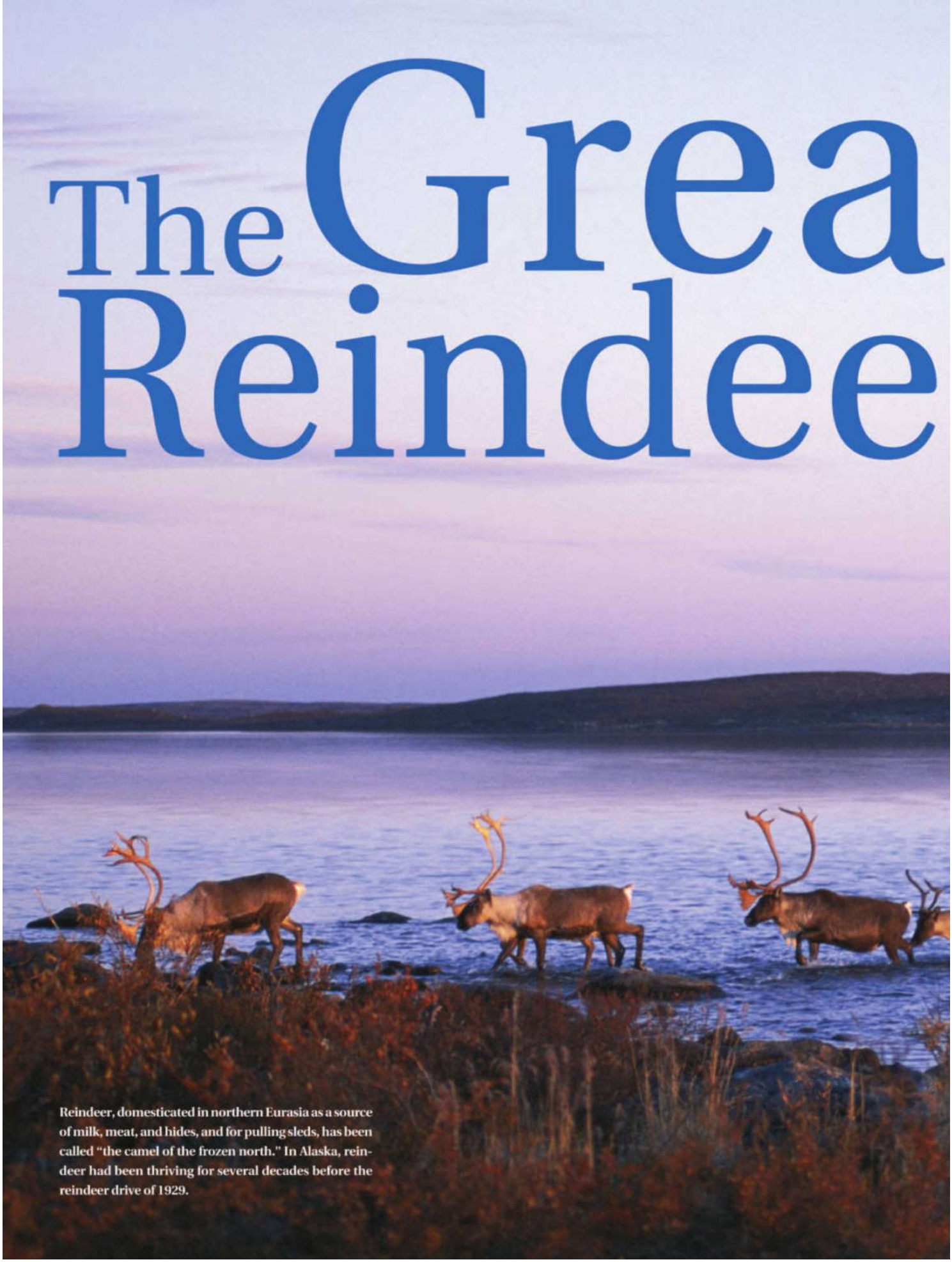

Reindeer, domesticated in northern Eurasia as a source of milk, meat, and hides, and for pulling sleds, has been called "the camel of the frozen north." In Alaska, reindeer had been thriving for several decades before the reindeer drive of 1929.

t Canadian r Project

The Inuvialuit of the Mackenzie Delta faced desperation. Caribou had dwindled. But Alaskan reindeer held the promise of plenty. And so, in 1929, a few men and a huge herd began the long and arduous trek east. It was more than they bargained for. by Stephen R. Bown

On February 15, 1935, Andrew Bahr prepared to lead a bedraggled, scruffy herd of nearly 2,500 reindeer across the frozen, windswept channels of the Mackenzie River Delta. Departing from Alaska, he had been on the trail nearly five years. It was a venture that was supposed to have taken eighteen months, and this was the final push. "Reindeer Near End of Four-Year Trek" announced the *New York Times* on October 7, 1934, "Canada Grooms Alaskan Herd for 70-Mile Lap Over Delta Ice to Mackenzie Basin."

The previous fall had been cheerless, monotonous, and fraught with anxiety for Bahr and his small band of weary herders. As February approached, impatience and fear were at a peak. Bahr anxiously awaited the perfect conditions necessary for the final drive. An attempt the previous spring to cross the delta had met with failure when an unexpected storm scattered the herd. It demoralized the herders and nearly ended the seemingly doomed venture. Bahr feared that the herd might never be brought across the delta. If the Mackenzie crossing failed for the second time, it could mean the end of the drive, the loss of four-and-a-half years of labour, the forfeiture of a small fortune for the Lomen Brothers Reindeer Corporation of Alaska, and the disappearance of a hopeful Canadian government enterprise, years in the planning.

The circumpolar world has two major divisions. The Subarctic, or taiga, is characterized by coniferous boreal forest. Moving northward, trees disappear as the Subarctic merges with the Arctic, or tundra.

The saga began just before the great market crash of 1929, when an Alaskan entrepreneur named Carl Lomen – the "Reindeer King" – signed a contract with the Canadian government to ship a herd of 3,000 reindeer 2,400 kilometres from Naboktoolik, Alaska, to the Mackenzie Delta, Northwest Territories, ostensibly to feed starving Inuvialuit (the Inuit people of the western Arctic). As part of the Canadian government's plan for asserting its sovereignty over the Arctic, it was establishing Royal Canadian Mounted Police outposts throughout the region and encouraging native peoples to settle at permanent trading and administrative posts. In the 1920s, the western Arctic caribou herd did not yield sufficient numbers to feed the expanding communities of Aklavik and Tuktoyaktuk.

While hunting for a living had become unreliable, animal husbandry was believed to be stable and predictable. Reindeer held the most promise for success for domestication because of their suitability to the northern climate and their astounding breeding potential – a properly managed herd could double in size every three years. "The Canadian government saw this as a single solution to two of their problems," writes Thomas Conaty in his 2003 book titled *The Reindeer Herders of the Mackenzie Delta*. "First, reindeer herds would provide a constant supply of hides and meat for Inuit. Second, herding could be a means of settling Inuit in at least semi-permanent localities."

Reindeer, a more easily domesticated cousin of the wild caribou, that the *New York Times* called "the camel of the frozen north," had been thriving in Alaska for several decades since two separate herds were brought over from Siberia and Lapland near the end of the nineteenth century. By 1925, the various herds in Alaska numbered more than 350,000 animals. Between 1918 and 1925, nearly two-million pounds of reindeer meat was processed and shipped south to the U.S. mainland. "The flavor of reindeer meat offers not the slightest suggestion of gaminess or wild animal flavor," stated Alfred W. McCann, an American gourmand and newspaper columnist in New York in 1925. "The meat is finer in texture than beef and far more tender. It has all the juiciness of beef with the texture of lamb, but tastes like neither. It is actually delicate in flavor." McCann was promoting reindeer meat as a quality alternative to beef. Annual shipments had grown to 700,000 pounds by 1925, making it one of the most important industries in Alaska, second only to fishing. The reindeer industry was a local success story with native Alaskan ownership that employed over 600 Inuit and several hundred Laplanders.

The Canadian government, seeing the success of the reindeer industry in Alaska, contacted the Lomen Brothers Reindeer Company with an unprecedented proposal to establish a Canadian herd. They settled on a price of $75 a head for the delivery of 3,000 animals to Reindeer Station on the east side of the Mackenzie River Delta totaling $225,000 – a small fortune in those days. The drive was optimistically expected to be completed by 1931, in less than two years. "If success can be achieved after the reindeer have been introduced," claimed an editorial in the *Montreal Gazette* when news of the deal became public, "a new era may be opened up for Canada's northland. A meat industry of great proportions may be developed." It was to be called the Canadian Reindeer Project.

Neither the Canadian government nor the Lomens had any real concept of the logistical difficulties of manoeuvering thousands of fickle animals 2,400 kilometres across the northern tundra, but they knew just the man for the job. Andrew Bahr, a veteran Lap herder who

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had come to Alaska during the Klondike gold rush in 1898, was respected as one of the most dependable herders in Alaska. Bahr's prophetic words of wisdom, gleaned from years of experience, should have been a warning to the overly optimistic planners. "The deer run the herder," he claimed, not the other way around.

Bahr's planned route cut across Alaska to Howard Pass in the Brooks Range and then followed the coast of the Arctic Ocean east into Canada. He ruled out a more southern route because it was impossible to drive reindeer through trees, and he avoided a northern route along the Alaska Coast to avoid mixing his animals with the small, local Inuit herds. In 1926, the Canadian government had hired Danish botanist Alf Erling Porsild to scout the western Arctic for a suitable region to be the nucleus of the Canadian reindeer industry. In 1928, he reported that the Mackenzie River Delta held the greatest potential for success. Porsild eventually settled on a suitable range, and the government constructed a small town called Reindeer Station to be the administrative centre.

The drive had an inauspicious beginning. Near the end of November 1929, just as the herd was assembled from the surrounding region, a vicious storm lashed the tundra and destroyed the corral, and the reindeer issued forth to wander across the landscape. Unrelated events cast a shadow over the drive as well: on Black Tuesday, October 29, 1929, the world stock markets crashed, sending thousands out of work, driving the price of beef, and eventually reindeer, to all-time lows. The deal had already been signed, however, and in December 1929, a kilometre-long, undulating mass of reindeer numbering 3,442 were soon on the trail, milling, snorting, sniffing, and seemingly overbalanced by their massive antlers under the stark polar sky. They moved under the watchful eye of the sometimes taciturn, yet indomitable, Andrew Bahr. They were on their way to Canada.

Bahr, his men, and the large herd of reindeer would spend the next five years on the trail toiling through some of the most rugged terrain on the continent. They would endure wildly fluctuating temperatures, from sweltering humidity to bone-chilling polar gales; they would struggle through snow up to their waist and wade through stagnant swamps; they would suffer from lack of food, inadequate clothing and supplies; and, perhaps worst of all, they would be paid rather poorly. Nevertheless, they plodded on each winter as blizzards lashed them piteously and wolves circled the herd driving the reindeer into a frenzy. "We were always looking for wolves," recalled Matthias Hatta, one of the Lap herders. "They would come around in the dark and when it was stormy. You couldn't see them. You would just fire into the air and scare them away … they were mostly white wolves, like the snow … there were sometimes twenty in one bunch."

In full winter attire, Laplander Andrew Bahr poses with two reindeer at his side at a reindeer fair held in January 1915 at Igloo, Alaska. A patient man, Bahr's reindeer driving mantra was "You don't lead the herd, the herd leads you."

Reindeer are notoriously difficult to herd because they prefer walking into the wind. In the Arctic, shifting winds caused the animals to bolt, and Bahr spent weeks trudging back and forth across the tundra to retrieve them. Other problems hindered the drive as well. When temperatures rose unexpectedly, the snow melted into a slushy quagmire, bogging the sleds down in the mess. When the temperature froze again, the land became smothered under a blanket of ice that prevented the reindeer from feeding on the lichens hidden under-

neath. Bahr was philosophical. "We are now just training," he reputedly said to his herders after the first year, "training dogs and training men. I must do much talking now to tell and show how things must be done. By and by, everyone will know what to do."

They spent the first spring camped along the banks of the Kobuk River for the fawning season. The fawns were born in late April and early May and matured over the summer before the chaotic herd set off for the jagged spires of the Brooks Range in mid-October 1930. The Lomens had placed food caches along the route through Howard Pass, but for the herders it was a dreadful nightmare as frigid winds froze their faces, snow clogged the rocky chute, and the reindeer became frightened and edgy. At –50° Celsius, a mist formed about the animals, enveloping the herd in an eerie, steaming cloud that blocked all vision and communication. Travel was excruciatingly slow, averaging less than two kilometres a day. "We would have to be out watching the herd, walking around them, night and day looking for wolves and chasing some of the deer that would stray and get lost," noted Matthias Hatta. "It was sixty below – sometimes seventy – and cold winds. We would work in shifts of twenty-four hours, but sometimes we would have to keep working for forty-eight hours or more. We didn't get much sleep anytime."

Once through the mountains, Bahr and his men spent the next two tedious years slogging back and forth along the same stretch of coast from the Shaviovik River to the Mackenzie Delta. The animals stampeded twice, in July 1931 and March 1933, and the bulk of the winter travel season was spent trying to locate the wayward beasts. While winter travel had its difficulties, the idle summers near the coast were even worse. Added to the extreme boredom of continuously wandering the perimeter of the grazing herd, the insects almost drove the herders mad. Pestering black flies and mosquitoes hovered about them in a buzzing cloud. They wiggled through crude face netting and swarmed about the frying pans, crisping into a crust on the food. For the reindeer, it was horrible. Some animals nearly died from blood loss, while others fell prey to the dreaded warble fly, which laid its eggs in their skin. The larvae painfully burrowed through the flesh until escaping the following spring. Another pest was the nostril fly, which laid its eggs in reindeer noses. The larvae gestated until the following summer when they burrowed into the throat and the poor reindeer sneezed them out in a bloody mass.

After three years on the trail, only two thousand reindeer were still with the herd. Hundreds had frozen to death, hundreds more bolted and were never recovered, and countless others were weakened by insects and

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Photograph taken during the Canadian Reindeer Project. Today, Lloyd Binder's reindeer herd is directly descended from the first herd of reindeer to come to Canada as part of the Canadian Reindeer Project, which had been driven by his grandfather, Mikkel Pulk, one of the first Lapland herders. For three generations, the task of introducing reindeer husbandry to a new land has been full of challenges for the Pulk/Binders.

After three years on the trail, only two thousand reindeer were still with the herd. Hundreds had frozen to death, hundreds more bolted and were never recovered, and countless others were weakened by insects and devoured by wolves.

devoured by wolves. The drive was years behind schedule, and all Bahr, who by now had earned the nickname "The Arctic Moses," could tell the Lomens and the Canadian officials was that he was "making haste slowly."

Crossing the Mackenzie Delta was the final obstacle, but a third stampede in June 1934 almost broke Bahr's spirit. After leading the herd onto the ice, a storm blew in. Through severe wind and cruel temperatures, the herders could not stop the frightened animals from bolting back to land. To see the remnants of the herd fleeing west again was a devastating blow. The herders had had almost all they could take of the solitary tedium, poor food, and punishing conditions. After wearily retracing his path and rounding up his flock, Bahr stationed the remnants of the herd at a good feeding ground near Shingle Point on the Arctic Coast for the long wait for winter. This one random storm delayed the arrival of the herd by nearly one year.

Finally, on February 15, 1935, more than five years after they set out, Bahr judged the conditions good for a crossing of the frozen Mackenzie River and led his weary band out onto the expanse of ice for the second time. No unseasonable storms shattered the herd, the snow cover held, and Bahr was able to lead them from island to island to the east side of the river after a three-day journey. The herd was corralled at last, at Reindeer Station, on March 6, 1935. It was the end of an odyssey. Although 2,370 reindeer reached their destination, more than three-quarters of them were born along the route.

In 1937, the United States government assumed control over the reindeer industry in Alaska and made it illegal for anyone other than a native person to own a female reindeer. The industry, already weakened by the Depression, collapsed within a few years, reduced from producing over 700,000 pounds of reindeer meat annually to only a few thousand. The industry has only been on the rebound in recent decades. The Canadian reindeer industry has had a similarly up-and-down history.

The objective of the Canadian government was for native peoples to become the independent owners of the herds, but initially, several families of Laplanders were hired to manage the project and teach the necessary skills in reindeer husbandry. The technique of herding practiced by the Laplanders was called "close" herding. A family group travelled with the herd at all times, keeping a close watch on them. In the Canadian Arctic, however, this proved difficult. The Canadian herd was huge by traditional standards – perhaps ten times the size of an average herd in Lapland – and tended to consume the forage quickly. Slow herding was also inefficient in time and labour and produced little remuneration. In the 1940s, Canada's great reindeer herd was split into four independent herds, which struggled along into the 1960s. During this time, Mikkel Pulk, head of the only Lapland family remaining, was the chief herder. Then the herds were again amalgamated and the style shifted to "open" herding, whereby the animals were turned loose in a specific range with little daily observation or direction. The grandson of Mikkel Pulk, Lloyd Binder, is part owner and manager of the herd today.

An advertisement for the Seattle-based Lomen Brothers Reindeer Company pronounced reindeer meat "a new delicacy" in the 1920s.

Initiated by the Canadian government and run by immigrant Lapland herders, the Canadian Reindeer Project was a monumental achievement with a noble objective. In 1929, the *Edmonton Journal* called it "the most spectacular reindeer drive in the history of the industry," and it has remained so to this day. Although it has admittedly never lived up to its original optimistic billing, reindeer herding has evolved into a multi-million-dollar industry in Canada's North. But practical considerations aside, the Canadian Reindeer Project stands as one of the most audacious, unusual, and exotic tales in Canadian history.

Stephen R. Bown is a writer living in Canmore, Alberta. He is the author most recently of *A Most Damnable Invention: Dynamite, Nitrates and Making of the Modern World.*

Et Cetera

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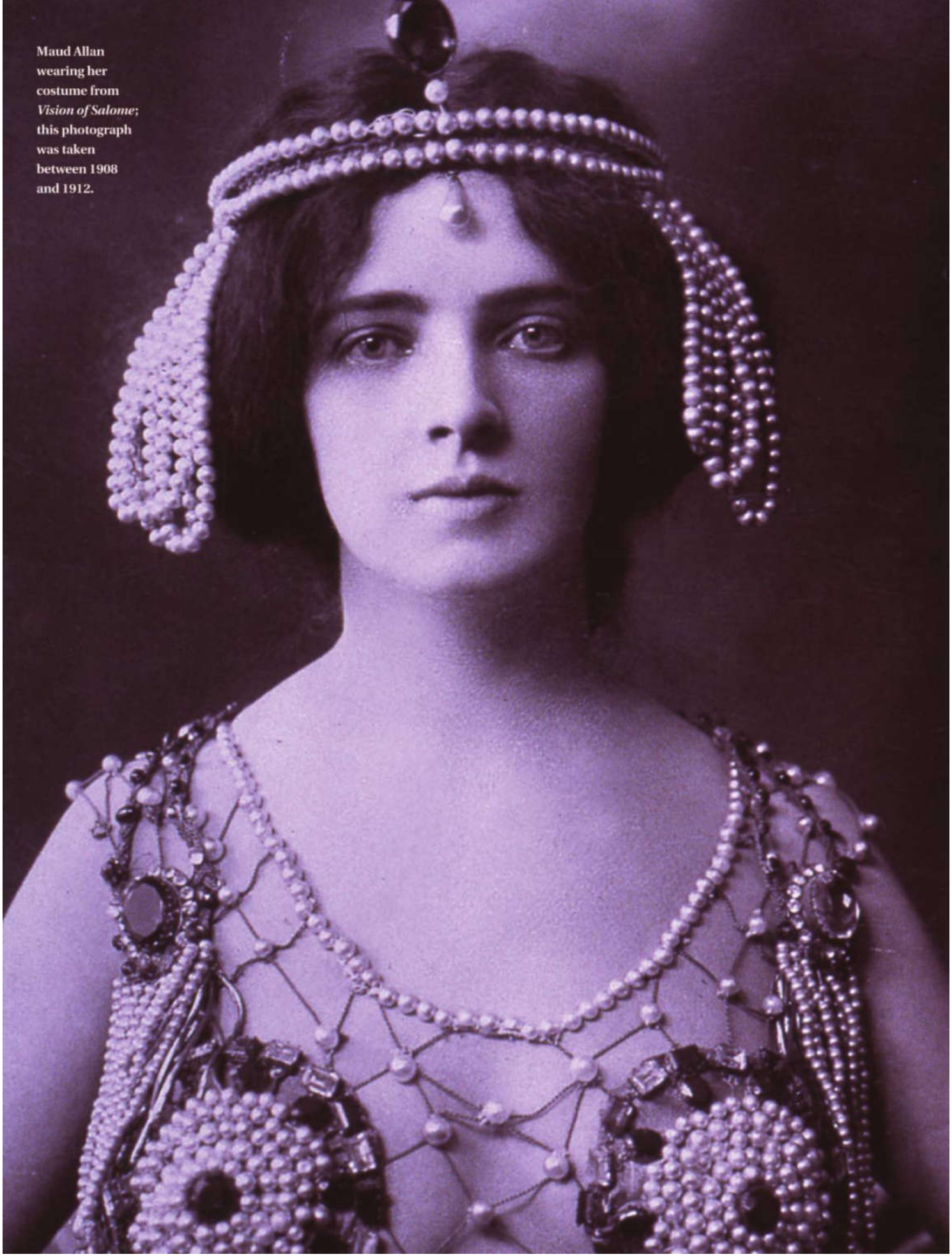

Maud Allan wearing her costume from *Vision of Salome*; this photograph was taken between 1908 and 1912.

Willing to be Thrilling

Her skirt was transparent. Her midriff was bare. Canadian-born pioneer of modern dance Maud Allan scandalized Edwardian London. In more ways than one. by Carol Bishop-Gwyn

On Saturday evening, September 30, 1916, HRH Princess Patricia was among the audience at Ottawa's Russell Theatre for what had been advertised as the "Season's Social Event." Maud Allan, "The Great Symphonic Dancer," was to perform classic and oriental dances accompanied by her own orchestra, conducted by the Swiss musician Ernest Bloch.

According to a newspaper report, Maud was invited the next day to Rideau Hall, the governor general's residence, to dine with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughter, Princess Patricia. Connaught, third son of Queen Victoria, likely had paid several visits to London's Palace Theatre to see Maud Allan dance before the First World War, no doubt in the company of his brother, King Edward VII.

The Canadian-born dancer's next stop was Toronto, where she appeared at the Royal Alexandra Theatre from October 5 to 7. "With pride, Toronto claims this exceptional genius and her remarkable and soul-satisfying art," ran the headline in *The Musical Courier*. *The Mail and Empire* declared: "Famous Dancer Pays First Professional Visit to Native City." *The Globe's* drama critic E.R. Parkhurst told his readers that the Toronto-born dancer had won "signal triumphs in the principle cities of Europe."

It had been nearly four decades since Maud, together with her older brother, Theodore, and her parents, shoemaker William Allan Durrant and mother, Isabella, left Toronto during the depression in the 1870s to settle in San Francisco. Isabella had high hopes for her son and daughter. Both Durrant children graduated from the three-year arts program at Cogswell College. Theo was destined to become a medical doctor, and Maud to be a famous concert pianist.

Maud's Cogswell College graduation photograph shows a pert, young woman with a clear complexion, her long, wavy blond hair swept up off her face and gathered into a bun on the crown of her head with artfully arranged curls on her forehead. Away from the California sun and Isabella's regime of lemon rinse treatments, Maud's hair would turn a light brown.

From an early age, Maud had shown unusual musical talent. Her mother arranged for her to study with Professor Eugene Bonelli at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. He may have left his mark on Maud in a more unconventional way. It is alleged that he pioneered and performed a surgical procedure on more than 575 of his students that severed the accessory slip of the tendon of the ring finger to give their hands more flexibility and a wider stretch of fingers. Bonelli is quoted as saying, "The brain conceives, the fingers execute. Hence the necessity of training them

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in their duty. Liberate them first, if you would lessen your labour." He encouraged the Durrant family to send Maud to Germany to take advanced studies as he had.

On Valentine's Day, 1895, the twenty-two-year-old Maud left her family to travel to Berlin. She spoke not a word of German, had no guarantee of being accepted into the highly competitive music program, and had a woefully inadequate amount of money. Her one asset was her abounding self-confidence. "I remember when it was settled and my brave, courageous mother was blinking back her tears, I said with the egotism of a very young girl: 'Some day, dear, you shall come over there, when I have made you proud of your daughter.'"

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Before her dancing career took off, Maud Allan worked on other creative projects, including illustrating a sex manual for women and designing and sewing corsets. Intensely photogenic, she sometimes modelled her products.

Maud carried with her a small, tan, leather diary inscribed: "From brother on my departure for Europe – San Francisco – Berlin, Germany, February 14, 1895." Because she wrote regularly in a series of such diaries, we know a great deal about Maud during the next few years.

With admirable aplomb, Maud immediately began to learn German. She got herself accepted at the Königliche Akademishe Hochschule für Musik (Berlin Royal Academy High School of Music) and earned extra money by giving English lessons. She found an affordable, spacious, blue-painted room in a *pension* and rented a grand piano on which she arranged family photos to make it a cozy home. All was well.

Soon after arriving in Berlin, Maud found herself bothered by strange premonitions. "Today I feel so unsettled. I do not know why. But I could not neither study, practice, or read," she wrote on March 28. A few days later she noted that she had not received a letter from home. "What can be the matter?"

The "matter" was beyond anything she could ever have imagined. On April 15 her brother had been arrested in San Francisco and charged with the murder of two young women. The pair, Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams, were both members of Emmanuel Baptist Church where the Durrant family also worshipped.

Theo's trial began on September 3, 1895. The facts, as they came out, were far more damning than the bare-bones story Maud had been told by her mother. In October the jury convicted Theo of murder in the first degree. After appeals all the way up to the Supreme Court failed, Theo Durrant was hanged at San Quentin on January 8, 1898. Despite her mother's suggestion that Maud return home to help pay for Theo's legal appeals, she remained in Germany and struggled along with her music. A school friend of Maud's brought her the news in Berlin on January 10. "Oh God, I bear up but my poor parents – how do they! Darling brother – would to God I could have seen you once more before you were taken from us."

To restore respect and dignity to her family, Maud felt it was imperative for her to succeed as an internationally acclaimed concert pianist. In the summer of 1901, she successfully petitioned to enter the famed Italian pianist Ferruccio Busoni's master classes in Weimar. A photo of that 1901 master class shows an attractive Maud standing directly behind the seated Busoni and his protégé, Egon Petri. In memoirs written in 1954, a fellow student of that time remarked that Maud Allan never touched the piano during that summer. It may have been that in close proximity to some of the most talented young musicians from Europe and North America, Maud realized that a career as a leading concert pianist was far beyond her talent.

In no way, though, did she give up the determination to fulfill her mother's dreams for her that she should become a star. Sometime that year Maud figured out how she might capitalize on her most obvious assets: her beauty and her musicality. She would become an expressionist, barefoot dancer – an art form that barely existed at the turn of the twentieth century. The word "barefoot" brings to mind dancers such as Isadora Duncan and perhaps Mata Hari.

Contemporary accounts suggest that it was Busoni and his wife, Gerda, who encouraged Maud to become a dancer. Perhaps Busoni, dedicated to challenging artistic conventionality, recognized the possibility of Maud expressing her love and talent for music through her body. And he would have been well aware it was a most graceful and voluptuous body – Busoni began a love affair with Maud that summer.

Back in Berlin she became a part of his coterie, meeting and mingling with an exciting and avant-garde group. In 1903, Maud and another new male friend, Belgian music critic and minor composer Marcel Remy, attended a performance of Max Reinhardt's seminal theatre production of Oscar Wilde's play *Salome*. Then and there they decided to create their own dance version of *Salome*.

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Maud Allan performs *Vision of Salome* with the severed head of John the Baptist. The dance made her famous, but she later resented how the moniker "The Salome Dancer" overshadowed her other artistic endeavours.

Her appearance on stage clad in a breastplate of glittery jewels and strings of pearls clearly showing the outline of her breasts must have caused a ripple through the audience.

Quite a while passed before Maud began performing on stage as an expressionist dancer. Remy came to her rooms daily to play the piano while she practised interpreting the music. He arranged for her first concert in Vienna at the end of 1903 and a second early in 1905 in Belgium. Her mother, somewhat dubious about the respectability of barefoot dancing, was always fearful that people would make the connection between Maud and her infamous brother. Responding to Maud's letter describing her performance in Berlin in 1905, Isabella inquired anxiously: "Were there any Americans present, or did anyone know or make it known who you were?"

On December 28, 1906, the curtain went up on Maud's *Vision of Salome* dance at the Carl Theatre in Vienna. Adding spice to the occasion, the management of its original venue, the Court Opera House, cancelled out after seeing Maud's costume in the dress rehearsal. Marcel Remy was not there to support her. Just a few days before the Viennese debut of their joint venture, he had died in Berlin at the age of forty-one.

Her appearance on stage clad in a breastplate of glittery jewels and strings of pearls clearly showing the outline of her breasts must have caused a ripple through the audience at the Carl Theatre. Maud's skirt was dark, but transparent, with strings of beads looped over her exposed midriff. Her feet and arms were bare. She wore a headdress of pearls and her eyes were ringed with kohl. Her wrists and hands were ornamented with jewels. Almost as shocking was the lifelike head of John the Baptist, a prop which Maud picked up and danced around with before finally sinking to the floor in a deep swoon.

Maud's choreography consisted of two works: *Dance of Salome* and *Vision of Salome*. In the first dance, she enacted the Biblical story of Salome and John the Baptist; in the second she interpreted Salome's emotions after she had persuaded Herod to behead the prophet.

After ten years of struggle, Maud finally received a series of breaks. In May 1907 she secured an engagement at the Paris Palace of Varieties. This, in turn, led to an invitation by Yvette Guilbert, France's cult-figure cabaret singer, for Maud to take part in a charity matinee at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. Next came a request to perform privately at Marienbad, the Bohemian spa town, before none other than King Edward VII.

Another spectator who had caught her act in Paris was Alfred Butt, the bright, young managing director of London's up-market Palace Theatre of Varieties. In an article in a 1909 *Strand* magazine, he recalled that although he had spotted her potential, the five friends with him were not impressed. "I said that we had decided to engage her for the Palace, and they told me with absolute unanimity that in London she would be a failure. What did happen? Well, all London knows now. And she made many thousand of pounds for us in five months and will be making more soon."

All London did know! By introducing Maud Allan at a special preview matinee on March 6, 1908, before an audience of grandees that included the Duke of Westminster and Lady Sassoon, Butt adroitly established Maud's dancing as an art of the highest and most respectable calibre. It hardly hurt that the King of England had already seen her and had most definitely approved.

The news spread quickly that Maud's act at the Palace was the must-see of the society season. *The Lady: A Journal for Gentlewoman* reported on April 2, 1908:

> *A new sensation is certainly to be found just now at the Palace Theatre, where Miss Maud Allan has danced herself into favour. There was a very full house at a special matinee given for her this week, and Society was well represented. The Prince and Princess of Wales went to see this charming young Canadian dancer before they left for Germany and the Queen expressed the intension of witnessing her artistic performance with the Empress Marie.*

Some people found it hard to decide whether she was merely a sensationalist or presenting a new dance art form. Many, despite themselves, were charmed by her. Novelist Katherine Mansfield described Maud "as everything that is passing and coloured and to be enjoyed." She intuitively recognized Maud's dancing as a means of expressing the music and wanted to do the same with words. Maud's popularity reached out

Allanibilia: Artifacts from the Maud Allan

In the 1990s, Dr. Felix Cherniavsky, Maud's biographer and the son of one of the musical Cherniavsky Trio who accompanied Maud on several international tours, donated his personal collection of Maud Allan ephemerae, including letters and her Berlin diaries, to a private dance archives, Dance Collection Danse in Toronto. Allan's Salome costume, which shocked, bemused, and fascinated audiences around the world, is now tucked away in an archival box in a small house on George Street – the very same street where Maud Allan Durrant lived as a little girl.

ALL IMAGES COURTESY OF DANCE COLLECTION DANSE

Salome corn plasters from 1906 promised that you, too, could be "as free from aching corns as Salome."

beyond society, intellectuals, and emancipated women. The relatively new technologies for reproducing photographic images made it cheap to produce picture postcards. Maud Allan cards, especially those of her in the provocative Salome costume, were easily the most sought-after. Other cards of Maud in street clothes portrayed her as the quintessential Edwardian beauty complete with magnificent hats bedecked with flowers and feathers.

For eight months, Maud danced daily at the Palace Theatre of Varieties to sell-out audiences. She remained a constant attraction, while her "fellow turns" changed. Thus, on May 2, 1908, she was given twenty-five minutes in between "the Juggling McBains" and "Prince Arthur and his sailor boy, Jim." In August she shared the billing with "Professor Macart's troupe of comedian and athletic monkeys." An injury in late October 1908 caused her to retire temporarily. Butt predicted correctly that upon her return, she would make even more money for both the Palace and herself. In 1909 and 1911, she came back to continued acclaim. She also toured the provinces, occasionally receiving criticism for her scanty costumes by the local authorities. She introduced new works into her repertory, but what audiences insisted on was the *Vision of Salome*.

Just before the First World War, travel had never been easier. Ocean liners and transcontinental railway lines with Pullman sleeping cars made long voyages fast and comfortable. Artists and entertainers emerged as international celebrities roving vast distances by either or both of two routes: across Europe to Russia or across the Atlantic to play in towns and cities from coast to coast in the United States and Canada, and then, perhaps, on to South America or Australia and New Zealand. It is said that Russian ballerina Anna Pavlova toured more than 400,000 miles before dying in a Belgium hotel room.

In 1910, Maud Allan joined the international circuit. Between then and 1917, she travelled to Russia, made two nationwide tours of North America, and spent over two years in the Far East. Everywhere she went, audiences wanted to see her *Vision of Salome*. While visiting with her parents in California in 1915, she starred in a silent movie called *The Rug Maker's Daughter*. Unfortunately, no film survived to give a sense of what her dancing really looked like.

Readers of London's *Sunday Times* and the *Morning Post* on February 10, 1918, would have raised their eyebrows at a notice advertising a private performance of Oscar Wilde's play *Salome* featuring Maud Allan in the lead role. The reason for the private performance was straightforward. Wilde's play, written in 1891–92, was still banned from public performance in England.

By this time England had been at war for four years. An ultra right-wing Conservative MP, Noel Pemberton Billing, was convinced that the British government was in secret peace negotiations with the Germans. Billing, who also published a subscription newsletter called the *Vigilante*, was promulgating "the Black Book" theory, which implied that Germany's consistent military superiority was the result of British military strategies being disclosed by blackmailed members of its ruling class. The Black Book supposedly contained the names of 47,000 men and women whose sexual orientation made them susceptible to blackmail. In his eccentric way, Billing did have a point, if a very small one. Quite a few members of Britain's upper classes were indeed homosexual or bisexual.

The February 16, 1918, issue of the *Vigilante* included a brief paragraph with a startling headline: "Cult of the Clitoris." It went on to declare: "To be a member of Maud Allan's private performance in Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, one has to apply to a Miss Valetta of 9 Duke Street. Adelphi, W.C. If Scotland Yard were to seize the list of those members, I have no doubt they would secure the names of several thousand of the first 47,000 [in the Black Book]."

Maud Allan and the producer, Jack Grein, who was also the drama critic for *The Times*, each charged Billing with libel. This was exactly what Noel Pemberton Billing wanted – the opportunity to publicize his theories. All the London newspapers carried daily reports of the trial proceedings.

Collection

Popular in the early 20th century, this cigarette "silk" was issued at the height of the "Salomania" rage, but neglected to use an authentic Maud Allan image or signature.

Among a number of products manufactured to meet the public's demand for the Salome dancer was this nodder, a bisque figurine whose head and torso articulated to swing sideways.

Salome cigarettes were among the many forms of merchandise that accompanied the "Salomania" craze.

Maud was called to the stand on the first day of trial at London's Old Bailey. The *Daily Express* described her as a "fascinating figure – a tall, slender, delicately featured woman [who] speaks with a slight accent, a suggestion of an Irish brogue." She handled herself well until Billing asked her to state her full name. "Beulah Maud Allan Durrant," she replied no doubt with a sinking feeling realizing where Billing was going. Next he handed her a green-cover book titled *Celebrated Criminal Cases of America* and asked if the William Henry Theodore Durrant, who had been executed in San Quentin, was her brother. She was forced to answer yes. The inference was that Maud shared that bad blood.

Thereafter, the trial judge lost complete control of the proceedings, allowing it to turn into a platform for Billing to promote his eccentric political views. The judge also allowed the witness Lord Alfred Douglas to viciously repudiate his one-time lover, Oscar Wilde. As the bizarre trial progressed Maud became less and less relevant. In a travesty of justice, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty for Billing.

As one would expect of a woman who overcame the shame of having a brother executed for murder, to go on to dance before royalty, this second public humiliation did not destroy Maud Allan. She continued to dance and branched out as an actress, appearing as the elderly abbess in the 1932 London production of Max Reinhardt's *The Miracle*, a member of a distinguished cast that included dancers Tilly Losch, Leonide Massine, and Lady Diana Cooper (who as Diana Manners had been sent weekly by her mother in 1908 to watch Maud Allan perform at the Palace Theatre). Her last public dance appearance was at California's outdoor Redlands Bowl in 1936.

A spinster with no children, Maud's last years were increasingly lonely. While her father had died in 1917, a much greater loss was the death of her mother in 1930. Isabella had taken on the role of Maud's travelling companion and later lived with her daughter in London at her Regent's Park residence, West Wing. After bomb damage made West Wing uninhabitable, Maud reluctantly returned alone to California, where she lived for fifteen more years relying more and more on the kindness of long-suffering friends. At one time earning the sum of £500 per week, Maud Allan died a pauper at the age of eighty-three. True to her artistic vision, she had pre-arranged her funeral, requesting an organ solo to be played in the garden of the North Hollywood cemetery. She died in Los Angeles in 1956.

Carol Bishop-Gwyn is writing a biography of three nineteenth-century women who left colonial Canada to win international success in their artistic fields. This trio mingled with major figures in the cultural and political European capitals; all three were profoundly affected by events concerning Oscar Wilde.

Et Cetera

Maud Allan and Her Art by Felix Cherniavsky. Dance Collection Danse, Toronto Press/es, 1999.

My Life and Dancing by Maud Allan. Everett & Co., London, 1908.

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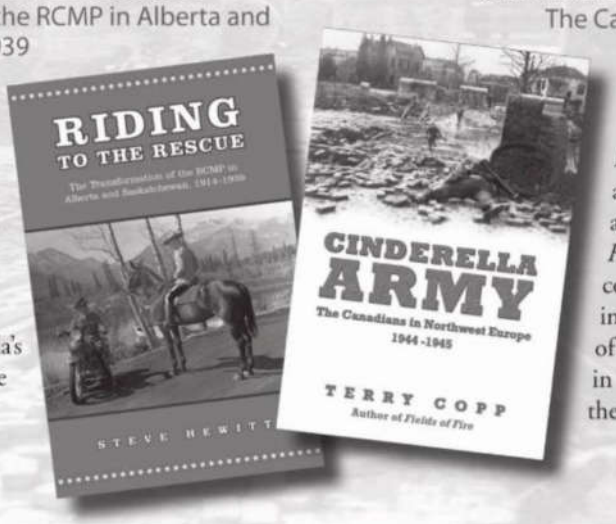

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L'Arrivée de Champlain à Québec
Henri Beau, 1863-1949

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Striving to establish colonies in eastern North America in the seventeenth century as they sought the elusive passage to the Orient, the French and the English shared ideas – often unwittingly. The published theories of one Englishman, Edward Hayes, take a complex and circuitous path and seem to serve as compass to Samuel de Champlain's explorations. Which raises the provocative question:

Was New France born in England?

by Douglas Hunter

One of the enduring curiosities of early Canadian history is what Samuel de Champlain, routinely celebrated as Canada's founding father, was even doing in eastern North America when he first arrived in 1603. From his initial appearance on the St. Lawrence River in that year, until his departure from Acadia in 1607 as the Port Royal habitation was abandoned, Champlain was an ill-defined adjunct to the successive trade monopolies operating in New France. He was neither a merchant, nor a lieutenant to the monopoly-holder, nor a soldier, nor a ship captain. Nor was he, strictly speaking, the "royal geographer," as his contemporary, Marc Lescarbot, claimed in a celebratory poem, trying to put a finger on exactly who Champlain was.

The Champlain who made his first appearance on the St. Lawrence River in 1603 was an intelligence officer, and his king, Henri IV, may have sent him to investigate the evidence, which had just been published in England, for a passage to the Orient that lay upstream of what we now call the Lachine rapids at present-day Montreal – a passage that was said to run through the continent, rather than over top of it. Once you have read *A Briefe and True*

Henri IV (1553–1610) was the first monarch of the Bourbon dynasty in France. Champlain made his first voyage to what would become Canada at his request.

Relation of the Discoverie of the North Part of Virginia, the slender bestselling book that went on sale in London in late 1602, there can be little doubt that Champlain appeared in New France, and ultimately made his career there, in response to the ideas expressed within it by Englishman Edward Hayes. Stranger still, Hayes's ideas were rooted in French experiences in the New World that the French themselves largely came to know only through Hayes. And when Champlain completed a fact-checking expedition of Hayes's theories, the results Champlain published would reverberate in the colonizing schemes of the English, who were his direct competitors.

Champlain was an intelligence gatherer by nature and profession. He had been close to Henri IV since at least March 1595, when he made his debut in a military pay record, being compensated for *certain voiage secret* – a "secret voyage" – made in Henri's service. After peace was secured with Spain in 1598, Champlain spent 1599 to 1601 skulking around the Spanish Caribbean for the elucidation of Henri, shortly before he travelled to the St. Lawrence River for the first time, in 1603. Having filed a report with Henri on what he had seen in the Caribbean, and received a royal pension that was probably the source of his standing as a navy captain, Champlain was called upon to make a fact-finding mission to the St. Lawrence in association with a new trading monopoly. It now appears that a critical task was to investigate the evidence that Hayes, an indefatigable English colonization promoter, had assembled for a route to the Orient up the St. Lawrence.

The Hayes material appeared anonymously as an addendum to a narrative by John Brereton in late 1602 in *A Briefe and True Relation*. The book recounted the voyage that summer of Bartholomew Gosnold to Norumbega, as the coast of New England was known. Participant John Brereton provided the first narrative of any significant length on a European visit to the region since a letter recounting the 1525 voyage of Giovanni da Verrazzano was first published in 1556 in *Navigationi et Viaggi* (a popular travel compendium by Giambattista Ramusio). The Brereton account was of particular interest to the French, who considered Norumbega their territory, part of Nova Francia, because of Verrazzano's voyage.

A Briefe and True Relation was published to goad investment in a follow-up voyage, so was padded with supportive propaganda, including a treatise by Edward Hayes. Although he was not named as such, Hayes was indisputably the source. The little book, only about four thousand words, was so successful publisher George Bishop quickly brought out a second edition crammed with even more material on the colonizing potential of eastern North America.

Hayes was a respected associate of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, commanding a ship on Sir Humphrey's ill-fated 1583 voyage to the New World. Hayes fleshed out ideas that English historiographer Richard Hakluyt first expressed in *A Discourse on Western Planting*, which Gilbert's half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, had hired Hakluyt to craft and present on his behalf to Elizabeth I in 1584, in support of his successful bid to secure a monopoly for a colony in eastern North America. Hakluyt's *Discourse* set down two concepts fundamental to the Hayes treatise, that 1) colonization was a necessary precursor to discovering a passage to the Orient, and that 2) the passage could be found, at least in part, through the heart of North America: "by these Colonies the Northwest passage to Cathay and China may easily, quickly and perfectly be searched out as well by river and overland, as by sea [spelling modernized]."

Hayes wrote a fairly elaborate treatise around 1591 with Christopher Carleill, which advocated an English colony on the St. Lawrence River. It was reconceived, probably about 1601, in support of the Gosnold venture. With the anonymous addendum to the Brereton account in *A Briefe and True Relation*, Hayes continued to champion the search for a transcontinental passage to the Pacific Ocean (which was commonly called the South Sea), but now the eastern entrance, instead of being the St. Lawrence, would be a river in Norumbega (New England) that drained into the Atlantic.

Hayes argued that the transcontinental route would not be a traditional ocean passage, but composed of

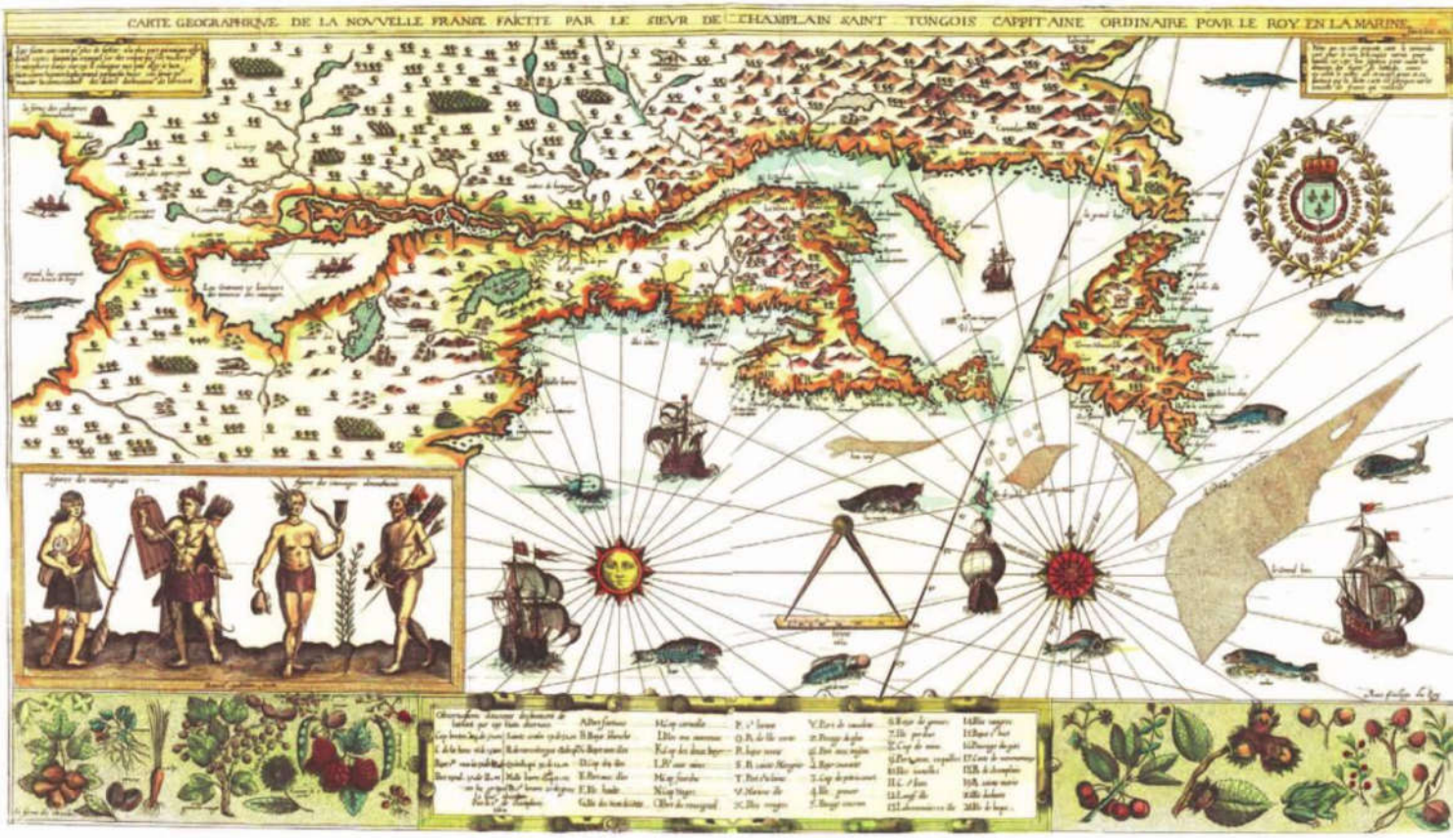
rivers, lakes, and portages. His scheme was overly complex, but essentially involved using native labour and indigenous elk and buffalo as pack animals in moving goods between the headwaters of two great rivers that would be discovered flowing respectively to the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. As far-fetched as it might seem, the idea of hopping from one river to another to cross great distances had been employed successfully by England's Muscovy Company in Asia, with an expedition to Persia in 1579 to 1581 that involved travelling more than 2,400 kilometres from the White Sea in the Arctic to the south shore of the Caspian Sea.

Hayes no longer advocated placing an English colony on the St. Lawrence River, because he believed the inland route above the Lachine rapids led to the Northern Sea. He had no stomach for Arctic voyaging. (Ships would be "frozen into the seas, or forced to Winter in extreme cold and darkness like unto hell: or in the midst of Summer, we shall be in peril to have our ships overwhelmed or crushed in pieces by hideous and fearful mountains of ice floating upon those seas.") Hayes favoured establishing a colony between latitudes 40 and 44 on the Norumbega coast, where the climate best suited the English constitution. Native trading partners then could be questioned on their geographic knowledge as the river passage inland was sought.

This was all interesting, but what obviously made the French take notice was how Hayes went about dismissing the suitability of the St. Lawrence for his passage-making scheme. The evidence Hayes marshalled to prove the St. Lawrence led to a passage to the Northern Sea was published in full for the first time in A *Briefe and True Relation* and drew on confidential French and Basque sources from the 1580s and 1590s. Some of it had already been published by Hakluyt, but key elements had not.

France had been torn by wars of religion and succession for decades. It wasn't until Henri IV secured the throne in 1594, and peace with Spain in 1598, that his kingdom could begin to regain momentum in overseas trade and colonization. Hayes addressed this in his discussion of Norumbega: "These lands were never yet actually possessed by any Christian prince or people, yet often intended to be by the French nation, which long sithence [would have] inhabited there, if domestical wars had not withheld them."

Much knowledge of sixteenth-century French explorations had been preserved or popularized not by the French, but by the Italians and the English. The accounts of Cartier's first two voyages survived only in Italian, as published by Ramusio in 1556, and were available in an English translation (1580) before they were in French (1598). The English publication of Cartier was arranged by Richard Hakluyt in his zeal to gather and disseminate any information that could encourage English efforts to colonize and to expand trade. As the French emerged from internal turmoil they could not help but turn to Hakluyt's hugely popular published works – in particular the three-


CARTE GEOGRAPHIQVE DE LA NOVVELLE FRANCE FAICTTE PAR LE SIEVR DE CHAMPLAIN SAINT TONGOIS CAPPITAINE ORDINAIRE POVR LE ROY EN LA MARINE

In 1613, Champlain published this map of New France, the first of many he would make detailing North American geography. The east coast and the St. Lawrence Valley are reasonably accurate, and Lake Ontario and part of Lake Huron are recognizable.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE DU QUÉBEC

volume second edition of *Principal Navigations*, published between 1598 and 1600, which included a reprint of the English translations of the first two Cartier voyages, as well as of the fragmentary, sole-surviving account of his third voyage – for information on where some of their countrymen had already been and clues as to what might await exploitation.

THEOPHILE HAMEL/LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA/C-145205

Samuel de Champlain mapped much of northeastern North America, founding Quebec along the way. However, evidence now suggests it may have been the writings of Englishman Edward Hayes in his *A Briefe and True Relation of the Discoverie of the North Part of Virginia*, which first enticed Champlain to explore the area around the St. Lawrence River.

Before Champlain arrived on the St. Lawrence River in 1603, one Frenchman had already tried to capitalize on French intelligence preserved by Hakluyt. Jean Sarcel, Sieur de Prévert, of Dieppe, seems to have made a voyage in 1602 in search of a copper mine Étienne Bellenger claimed to have discovered while exploring the coast of Acadia, Bay of Fundy, and Norumbega in 1583, during a failed attempt to establish a fur-trading post. While attached to the English embassy in Paris in the 1580s, Hakluyt interviewed Bellenger and produced the only account of his explorations, including it (attributed to "Stephen Bellinger") in the first edition of *Principal Navigations* in 1589. Hakluyt also gathered a map (which has since disappeared) detailing Bellenger's discoveries and turned it over to Hayes.

During his Paris years, Hakluyt also secured letters written by Jacques Noel, a trader operating on the St. Lawrence, who claimed to be a nephew of Jacques Cartier and had credible first- or second-hand knowledge of a "great lake" beyond the Lachine rapids. In the 1590s, the English also gleaned much confidential information on the St. Lawrence from a Basque fur trader named Stevan de Bocall. According to a 1595 letter from merchant Edmund Palmer to Lord Burghley (England's lord treasurer and secretary of state), Bocall "hath had great traffic with the savages," claiming that explorers could "pass that way over a point of land to the South Sea." Palmer wrote of Bocall: "For that country and these passages I think he has not his fellow in the world."

The Hayes treatise in *A Briefe and True Relation* in 1602 went beyond anything published by Hakluyt, who routinely held back sensitive intelligence. Hayes brought to bear all the evidence for what lay beyond the Lachine rapids in one concise argument, stating that, according to Jacques Noel, the rapids "did lead into a mighty lake, which at the entrance was fresh, but beyond, was bitter or salt; the end whereof was unknown." But Noel, at least in the materials published by Hakluyt, had never mentioned anything about saltwater in this lake, nor did his letters give the lake the name that Hayes used: Tadouac. Either Hakluyt had held back certain facts in *Principal Navigations* or Hayes's recollection of Noel's evidence had been contaminated by information from Bocall. As it happened, Lake Tadouac, a protean Great Lakes, appeared in Edward Wright's famous world map of 1599, which Hakluyt included in his third and final volume of *Principal Navigations* in 1600. Wright showed this lake being drained by the St. Lawrence. His cartography suggested that past the rapids at Montreal and Lake Tadouac, one could sail on to the Northern Sea and Northwest Passage to reach the Orient.

The Hayes treatise spelled out the opportunities above the rapids more explicitly than anything ever to appear in the public domain. And one must remember that no European at this point was known to have travelled any distance beyond the Lachine rapids. Cartier had been to the rapids twice but had gone no farther than a 1541 scouting on foot a few kilometres upstream of Lac St-Louis to the next rapids. Most, if not all, of what Hayes had published in *A Briefe and True Relation* assuredly was news to the French. Hayes's treatise amounted to a blueprint for how, where, and why eastern North America could be colonized. It is striking how rapidly official French efforts fell in line with it, and how Champlain's fact-finding expedition would echo it.

By the time Champlain came along, the French trade and colonization effort on the St. Lawrence was a mess, with the king trying to broker an agreement in 1603 between rival commercial factions just to keep the fur trade operating. At some point, the bestselling *A Briefe and True Relation* and its Hayes treatise must have surfaced in France. (This was perhaps soon after Aymer de Chaste, a vice-admiral in the patronage-bloated French navy was named by Henri to the head of the monopoly.) Suddenly, there was an organization with verve and direction. It may well have been the book's expanded second edition that changed the momentum of the monopoly, and with it the life of Champlain.

In his final volume of writing, in 1632, Champlain averred that Aymer de Chaste lobbied him to join the 1603 expedition, and that Champlain did so with Henri's

blessing. But Champlain had already stated in his 1613 *Voyages* that Henri "commissioned me to make the most exact researches and explorations in my power" on the 1603 expedition.

The 1603 expedition was what might be called Phase I of the new French initiative. It was focused on scoping out the opportunities of the St. Lawrence and included a fact checking by Champlain of Hayes's assertions, based on confidential French sources, of what lay beyond the rapids at Montreal. Jean Sarcel, the Sieur de Prévert, was also tasked to the search for a rich mine that the additional materials in *A Briefe and True Relation*, borrowing from Bellenger, asserted could be found southwest of Cape Breton. Phase II would follow Hayes's advice and establish the colony in Norumbega in 1604, from which, with the assistance of native trading partners, a search could be mounted for a river passage inland.

Champlain evidently had little time to prepare. He was impressively ignorant of what Cartier had accomplished – he claimed a "first" for getting to the Lachine rapids even though Cartier had been there twice. He probably was never aware that Edward Hayes was the direct source of intelligence. He may have been shown the Brereton account, but unless he could read English, he was likely provided a dossier of facts culled from the Hayes treatise.

Champlain could not surmount the Lachine rapids in July 1603, so he questioned native guides on what lay beyond and followed up with a second interview of Algonquin he encountered downstream at Île d'Orleans. In *Des Sauvages*, published soon after his return, Champlain produced word portraits of the Great Lakes system in which it is possible to recognize Lake Ontario, Niagara Falls, and Lake Erie. The two separate accounts gathered from native guides alluded to a vast lake the French had heard of but never seen. It was Lake Huron, but Champlain believed it was a saltwater ocean. On the way back to Tadoussac, Champlain said he questioned another Algonquin. According to Champlain's record of this consultation, after proceeding beyond the rapids and lakes, a traveller enters:

> A very large lake, which may extend some 300 leagues in length. Proceeding some hundred leagues into the said lake, they encounter an island which is very big where, beyond the said island, the water is drinkable. But he told us that, continuing on some hundred leagues further, the water is still worse. Arriving at the end of the said lake, the water is totally salty. He told us that there is a fall which may extend for a league in width, from where an exceedingly great current of water descends into the said lake. Past this rapid, one no longer sees any land, either on the one side or on the other, but a sea so great that they have not seen the end of it, nor heard of anyone who may have seen it.

This third interview closed the deal for Champlain. The distance from the rapids "to the salt sea, which is possibly the South Sea, is some 400 leagues," he wrote in *Des Sauvages*. "It is not to be doubted, then, according to their statement, that this is none other than the South Sea, the sun setting where they say."

Champlain's proof for a route to the South Sea beyond the rapids hinged on this final interview, which was fundamentally different from the information he had gathered from the other guides. In describing a lake fresh at one end and salt at the other, with a sea with no end in sight, Champlain came remarkably close to repeating Hayes's assertion that, according to Jacques Noel, the rapids "did lead into a mighty lake, which at the entrance was fresh, but beyond, was bitter or salt; the end whereof was unknown."

With Champlain having "proved" the Hayes evidence for a route to the Orient upstream of the rapids, Pierre Du Gua de Monts, a Huguenot noble who had participated in the 1603 expedition, secured a broad new monopoly territory in November 1603. Henri IV granted him ten-year exclusive trade, fishing, and mineral rights between latitudes 46 and 40. While the brief monopoly awarded to the Sieur de Roberval in 1540 also used latitude 40 as a lower limit, it seems more significant that this lower boundary for settlement was so recently being advocated by Hayes. Phase II focused its entire exploration and colonization energies where Hayes said they should be: Norumbega. From 1604 to 1607, when Henri terminated the monopoly, it strove to establish a settlement, first at Ile Ste-Croix, then at Port Royal. Champlain, with no

Norumbega

Norumbega was a legendary settlement in northeastern North America concocted out of a desire to prove Viking journeys in New England. The word may be an Aboriginal version of the word "Norway." An early reference to Norumbega was made in 1542 by French explorer Jean Allefonsce, who reported that he had discovered a great river south from Newfoundland: "The river is more than forty leagues wide at its entrance and retains its width some thirty or forty leagues. It is full of Islands, which stretch some ten or twelve leagues into the sea ... Fifteen leagues within this river there is a town called Norumbega, with clever inhabitants, who trade in furs of all sorts; the town folk are dressed in furs, wearing sable."

European maps of North America often included Norumbega, lying south of Acadia. It was believed to be a large and prosperous native city and incredible tales were told of its riches and beauty. Norumbega's location and identity uncertain, in the late-nineteenth century Dr. Eben Norton Horsford attempted to link the name and legend of Norumbega to actual indigenous archaeological sites, and even Nordic settlement. Much literature was written about Norumbega – all inconclusive. It is believed to be a purely mythical place.

particular role in the monopoly, went about exploring and charting Norumbega, searching for the great river into the continent.

Champlain already understood that Norumbega was where operations would be headed when he wrote *Des Sauvages* and justified the move in pure Hayesean terms. In a report to the king, Champlain wrote, "on the feasibility of discovering the passage to China, without the inconveniences of the ice of the north or the heats of the torrid zone," a colony could be placed in the temperate zone and a river passage sought into the continent, whose headwaters were near the passage to the South Sea he claimed to have ascertained above the Lachine rapids:

> One would accomplish a great good by discovering, on the coast of Florida [i.e. the Atlantic Coast] some passage running near to the great lake before referred to, where the water is salt; not only on account of the navigation of vessels, which would not then be exposed to so great risks as in going by way of Canada, but also on account of the shortening of the distance by more than three hundred leagues. And it is certain that there are rivers on the coast of Florida, not yet discovered, extending into the interior, where the land is very good and fertile, and containing very good harbours.

The English were striving to develop Norumbega (as well as Virginia) at the same time, in strict accordance with Hayes's advice, and it was a minor miracle that Champlain and the English did not run into each other. But they did meet, in a way, through *Des Sauvages*, which may have been a critical source of geographic intelligence to the nascent English colonization movement.

One can't help but suspect that those leading English colonizing ventures in the years immediately following *Des Sauvages* were giving it careful reading and were incorporating it into their own Hayesean schemes. Hakluyt had *Des Sauvages* translated (but not published in his lifetime) and, as a patentee of the London wing of the 1606 Virginia Company, surely provided its more salient observations to the planners and participants. If so, Champlain's evidence for a saltwater passage beyond the rapids would have been erroneously amplified among the English by Hakluyt's flawed translation: he misread the word *salubre* for *salé*, thus turning Champlain's "wholesome" water to "salty." Perhaps Champlain had not been sufficiently bold about the presence of seawater beyond the rapids, and Hakluyt took corrective measures.

There is an unmistakable echo of Champlain's fact-finding results in the instructions given by the London wing of the Virginia Company to leaders of the English flotilla that set out to found the Jamestown colony in the Chesapeake in December 1606. They were to choose a river "which bendeth most toward the North-west for that way you shall soonest find the other sea." There was no previous official English expedition to the Chesapeake, so the idea that the chosen river should bend northwest if the "other" sea was to be reached must have come from careful study of the available evidence. And the only hard evidence resided in *Des Sauvages*.

Captain John Smith was more explicitly indebted to *Des Sauvages* in discussing the passage-making potential of the Potomac River in his *Map of Virginia*, published in 1612. Its headwaters, he asserted, were in nearby mountains, beyond which was "a great salt water, which by all likelihood is either some part of [Canada], some great lake, or some inlet of some sea that falleth into the South sea."

The most explicit connection to Des Sauvages turned up in a letter to James I written in December 1607 by George Popham, president of the Sagadahoc colony of the "West Country" wing of the 1606 Virginia Company. The colony had been founded at the mouth of the Kennebec River that summer – two years after Champlain scouted the river and found it wanting as both a settlement site and a potential passage into the continent. Popham wrote that the Kennebec led inland to salt water only seven days' journey from the colony, and that this salt water "can be none other than the Southern Ocean, stretching towards the land of China which doubtless cannot be far away from this region." Popham's observation was remarkably close in wording to Champlain's conclusions in *Des Sauvages* about the great lake upstream of the rapids.

Clearly, the French and English, striving to establish colonies in eastern North America at the beginning of the seventeenth century, were in a kind of intellectual echo chamber, their ideas reverberating in each others' plans and reports. In this new, literate age of exploration, much material that would have been squirreled away in handwritten manuscripts suddenly became available for everyone to read, regardless of nationality, particularly as the propaganda potential of voyage reports were seized by promoters as a way of raising merchant capital and currying royal favour.

Champlain was not absolutely dependent on Hayes's ideas in formulating his plans for New France. Some of his ideas, for example, appear to reflect knowledge of the Spanish colony in Florida, which he might have gathered first-hand during his Caribbean sojourn. But that Champlain would have been propelled to New France by an English bestseller should surprise no one, for the French had already inspired the English, through the research and translations by Hakluyt, and the Dutch and the English were feeding off each others' published books and charts in their passage-making efforts in the Arctic. Ironically, a colonization scheme Edward Hayes devised to inspire his fellow Englishmen ended up being adopted with complete fidelity by the French. But that's what can happen when you write a bestseller.

Douglas Hunter wrote "The Mystery of Champlain's Astrolabe" (*The Beaver* Vol. 84, No. 6, December 2004/January 2005). His account of the Nortel stock debacle, *The Bubble and the Bear*, won the 2002 National Business Book Award. He is completing a book about Champlain and Henry Hudson for Doubleday Canada. He is extremely grateful to Dr. Conrad Heidenreich, an expert on Champlain's life and cartography, for sharing pertinent portions of a new English translation of Champlain's works, which the Champlain Society is preparing for publication.

Portrait of John Lennon by Andy Warhol, 1985

ANDY WARHOL FOUNDATION/CORBIS

The Ballad of John & John & Yoko

When a premier (and future governor general) invited a Beatle to Manitoba's Centennial, he ignited a firestorm of dissent. At the centre of the outrage was a particularly vitriolic radio talk-show host (and future lieutenant governor). Could he stop the Lennonist tide? by Matthew Rankin

In December 1969, Manitoba was gearing up for its 1970 centennial celebrations with a serious case of Expo envy. Not to be outdone, Premier Ed Schreyer's NDP government was looking to inject Manitoba's 100th anniversary with some celebrity razzle-dazzle. Sure, the Queen would show up, but the government wanted somebody who would appeal to the youth-driven times, somebody who would show the world that Manitoba was not simply the empty, wind-buffeted tundra of popular myth, but a young, swinging, gregarious hundred-year-old with good shoes and a bright future. If Pierre Trudeau could prove that Canada wasn't boring, surely the same could be done for Manitoba! To find out how, Schreyer gave the mission to his young deputy Speaker, centennial committee member, and moonlighting proprietor of Winnipeg's Vibrations nightclub, Russell Doern.

Meanwhile, an unsuspecting John Lennon arrived in Eastern Canada. After bedding-in for peace at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal and cavorting with Trudeau in Ottawa, the famous peacenik Beatle agreed to meet stone-faced newsman Lloyd Robertson on his Saturday night television show *Weekend* to discuss the Lennons' much-publicized "peace initiative." But the interview had scarcely even begun when Robertson suddenly directed Lennon to look at a television monitor, on which appeared a surprise guest with an ambitious question.

Flickering into Lennon's consciousness by way of a warbly, Sputnik-era satellite hookup was a balding, bespectacled man in a conservative two-piece suit. The man introduced himself as Russell Doern, explaining that

PETER BREGG/CP IMAGES

John Lennon and Yoko Ono met with Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau in Ottawa in December 1969. Denied entry into the United States to continue their peace campaign, Lennon and Ono were welcomed in Canada.

In December they made plans to hold a "peace festival" along the lines of Woodstock. It was then that the Government of Manitoba offered Manitoba as a possible site.

he was being telecast from Winnipeg, Manitoba. "I am speaking to you from Winnipeg," announced Doern, "where the premier of Manitoba, who is Canada's youngest premier, has sent a letter to John Lennon, which was mailed yesterday, and I would like to read that letter to Mr. Lennon:

> Dear Sir,
> Through news media accounts of your statements and actions with respect to world peace, I believe I have gained some understanding of your philosophy and find myself substantially in accord with it. Therefore it would give me and the government of Manitoba considerable pleasure if you would consider Manitoba in 1970 as a site to promote world peace.
> Yours sincerely,
> Edward R. Schreyer

Lennon looked a little ambushed. Did they really expect him to know what a Manitoba was? In his soft voice, he replied, "That's beautiful, and we'd like to thank you very much. And we can't give a date or anything now, but we'll be there definitely. And it's just – we're overwhelmed by that offer and we just don't know what to say. It's too much, you know."

And with that, a quiet grin of triumph crossed Doern's pudgy face. A triumph seized on television in front of what often seemed like an entire nation of Winnipeg detractors. John Lennon – a celebrity second to none – was coming to Winnipeg to promote world peace. "He very emphatically said he would come!" a jubilant Doern confirmed to the *Winnipeg Free Press*. "I thought he would just say thanks for the invitation and I'll let you know. But it was crystal clear that he accepted. He'll be here I'm sure." Lennon wasn't like other celebrities. Hell! Lennon wasn't like other Canadians! *He* would give Winnipeg a chance!

But there was trouble in paradise. Throughout the ice-encrusted streets of Winnipeg, a storm of outrage was gathering and taking on human form, led by hot-blooded local firebrand John Harvard. In 1969, Harvard was Winnipeg's rampaging attack-dog host of talk radio, and first thing Monday morning, as his obstreperous *John Harvard Show* went to air, he immediately denounced Lennon's visit to Winnipeg as an abomination of humanity itself. "He is so repugnant to so many Manitobans!" Harvard shouted into the attentive ears of his Winnipeg listeners, as a CBC news camera rolled for posterity. "He is alien to Manitoba! He's a creep in my estimation! Can you imagine anything more hypocritical than a man who supposedly believes in peace lying in bed with his wife? Inviting John Lennon is tantamount to inviting Ho Chi Minh! He's a kooky-looking character, and I don't like him!"

John Harvard's froth-coated microphone was joined by a resounding chorus of equally rabid Lennon-critics. "This man has allowed himself to be photographed in the nude!" exclaimed one caller. "Any man who would do that is not a decent man." Indeed, the spectre of John Lennon entering Manitoba territory seemed to provoke an intense fear and loathing among Winnipeg's conservative crust. One citizen wrote into the *Winnipeg Tribune* to announce that Premier Schreyer's Lennonist designs amounted to "the most revolting, biggest insult that could be inflicted upon the citizens of our city." Elaborating this claim with some anthropological details, the letter continued:

> In our city, hippies will not work, they ask for money from people, they have long, dirty hair, and never shave. The female of the species follows them with long, untidy, scraggly hair. How can we keep our city free of this terrible sect of hippies if our Premier upholds this sort of thing? John Lennon talking of peace! What a farce! When his own kind committed murders, riots, name it, the hippies are guilty. How much more can we the citizens of this city tolerate?

Of course, all controversies are double-sided, and Lennon had his apologists. In 1969, the University of Manitoba's student newspaper, *The Manitoban*, carried several pages of newsprint devoted to Lennon-loving. Indeed, *The Manitoban* proved to be just as rabid and belligerent in its defence of the peace-loving Liverpudlian as John

Harvard was in his attack. One young, polemical pinko described Harvard and his crusaders as sexually repressed, "middle-class moralists," who, he reasoned, "are generally a kind of 'Kill a commie for Christ' gang." In one particularly snarky column, *The Manitoban* attempted to invert the logic of the anti-Lennon campaign by taking a stab at one of the older generation's most revered figureheads:

> Dear Premier Schreyer,
> As a citizen of this province, I am very concerned that a rather controversial person has been invited as a guest for the centennial year. This person stands for some of the worst aspects of our society – privilege, inequality, pomp, and ceremony. What effect can the presence of such a person be expected to have on the delicate minds of our children? I beg you, Premier Schreyer, to reconsider your decision to invite Queen Elizabeth II to Manitoba.
>
> (Anti-) Little Old Ladies Inc.

In the end, Premier Schreyer's letter was never formally sent to John Lennon. Public opposition proved to be too much for the Manitoba government. Some 5,000 letters of seething condemnation were said to have poured into the premier's office. A handbag manufacturer named Lech Fulmyk managed to collect 19,000 indignant signatures to bar Lennon and his wife from entering Manitoba. A despondent Russell Doern later wrote that Winnipeg's Lennon uproar amounted to "the most vicious outpouring of hatred in the city's history." The dream of Manitoba reinventing itself as a peace-loving Lennonist utopia withered away like so many prairie wheat fields.

John Harvard, who was appointed lieutenant governor of Manitoba in 2004, does not take personal credit for capsizing the Lennon visit thirty-five years ago. He was simply a young, shock-talk radio host doing his job, and the voices of popular dissent would have found their pulpit with or without his involvement. Besides, Harvard also admits to owning a few Beatles records.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG ARCHIVES/HARVS

John Harvard (right) in earlier days as a Winnipeg radio journalist interviewing Manitoba premier (and future governor general) Ed Schreyer shortly after the latter led the New Democratic Party to victory in the 1969 Manitoba election.

Matthew Rankin lives in Winnipeg where he serves as cinéaste-historien at the Atelier national du Manitoba. He is currently working on a film about René Lévesque's 1976 visit to Winnipeg.

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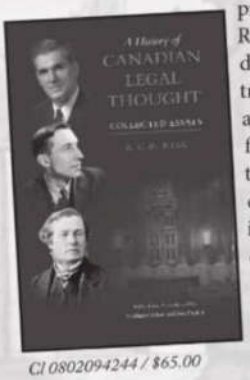

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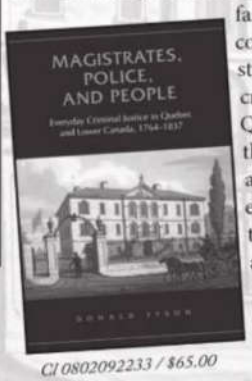

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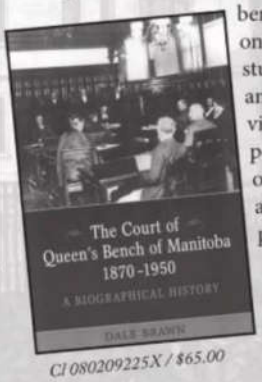

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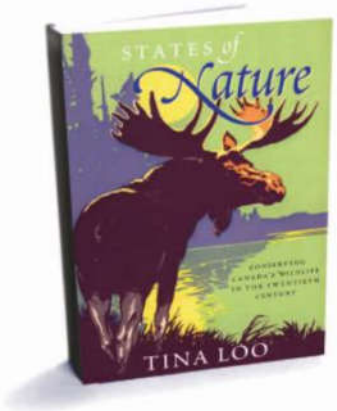

FIGHTING NATURE

States of Nature: Conserving Canada's Wildlife in the Twentieth Century
by Tina Loo
University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver, 2006
320 pp., $85 hardcover

For the past quarter century, Saskatchewan's Prince Albert National Park has used a wolf's head as the official park symbol. It's on the literature handed out to visitors at the park gate, stencilled on T-shirts sold at the local bookstore, and even found on markers on the park hiking trails. That the wolf should occupy such a special place is nothing short of ironic. As late as 1954, park wardens were using strychnine-laced carcasses to try to wipe out entire wolf packs – and often did.

Predator control is part of the larger story of wildlife conservation told by University of British Columbian historian Tina Loo in her fascinating book, *States of Nature*. Loo uses the history of Canadian wildlife conservation as a lens through which to view the changing attitude of Canadians to wildlife in the twentieth century. And what one sees is a blinkered attempt to manage and manipulate animal populations based on the simplistic division of the natural world into good and bad species. Wildlife conservation – and the popular attitudes behind it – had more to do with sentimentalism than science.

Loo begins her examination in the early twentieth century when the federal and provincial governments actively took steps to protect declining game populations by controlling their harvest. This state intervention – what Loo aptly describes as "an instrument of colonization" – came at the expense of local practice and knowledge. It also worked against aboriginal peoples and their reliance on game as a food source.

These initial government regulatory efforts were not based on any understanding of ecological principles or the importance of habitat. Instead, wildlife was just another resource, albeit one to be used efficiently. National park bison, for example, found their way onto dinner plates. Management efforts also targeted supposedly threatened species, such as when the federal government stepped in to "save" the Barren Ground caribou herd by sanctioning the killing of 11,000 wolves in the 1950s. In fact, it was not until the 1960s that regulation began to give way to non-intervention.

This shifting perception of wildlife is nicely captured in Loo's title – *States of Nature*. Her book underscores how Canadians have had an uneasy, at times complicated, relationship with wildlife, in large part because they have been continuously redefining what they mean by "wildlife." As Loo ably demonstrates, particularly in a well-crafted chapter on "Predators and Postwar Conservation," there was a constant struggle throughout the better part of the twentieth century to get beyond the game-management mentality and accept wolves and grizzlies as an integral part of wildlife.

Loo uses several well-chosen case studies to advance her argument about the shifting states of nature. The reader learns about the legendary Jack Miner, who conducted a personal war against hawks and owls while providing sanctuary to ducks and geese. The Hudson's Bay Company also established several preserves in the 1930s to help revive local beaver populations and the sagging fortunes of aboriginal peoples. These and other examples strengthen and enhance the larger theme; but they also make the book choppy at times.

Although Loo begins her study in the early twentieth century, it would have been instructive to know more about the natural science work carried out under the auspices of the federal government after Confederation – before wildlife protection became an issue. Loo also notes that early Canadian con-

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servation efforts were influenced by American ideas and personalities, but does not say much about how these same forces may have played a role in the 1960s. She prefers to attribute the shift in Canadian thinking about wildlife largely to people such as Farley Mowat, Bill Mason, Tommy Walker, and Andy Russell. Maybe, but Rachel Carson's name probably carries greater resonance today.

One of the most provocative sections in *States of Nature* is devoted Grey Owl, who is normally above reproach. Loo takes dead aim at his beaver conservation activities in Prince Albert National Park and suggests that his writings and speeches were nothing more than nostalgia for a past long gone. It is this kind of reassessment that makes *States of Nature* such a welcome addition to the literature on wildlife conservation.

Reviewed by Bill Waiser, author of *Saskatchewan: A New History*.

MORE BOOKS

A Great Restlessness: The Life & Politics of Dorise Nielsen
by Faith Johnston
University of Manitoba Press, Winnipeg, 2006
340 pp., $24.95 paperback

In March 1940, nine women stood for election to the House of Commons; only one got in. Dorise Nielsen, a single mother and teacher represented North Battleford, Saskatchewan, one of the largest and most impoverished constituencies of the day. What voters did not know was that Nielsen was also the first Communist MP in Canada.

In 1944, Nielsen wrote, "Whatever your problems are, tackle them. If needed to, do something desperate … but don't drift. Drifting is deadly and kills a woman by degrees." Nielsen took the risks and made the sacrifices needed, both personal and political, yet not all helped her fight for social justice or eased her efforts to raise her children.

Faith Johnston's extensive interviews and research, much of which only recently became available through the Access to Information Act, give readers an unflinchingly intimate portrait of Nielsen. Her writing style at times reads like a novel, at other times like a research paper, but always at the right times. She creates the momentum of drama without losing her focus or veering into melodrama.

Johnston goes beyond recounting the facts of Nielsen's life, weaving a rich and elegant narrative with a captivating rhythm. Johnston has focused on the events that shaped Nielsen's character and her beliefs, tracing her life from her early upbringing in London, England, to her immigration to Canada to teach in a one-room schoolhouse in the remote prairies, and from her entry into politics to her death in China. At the same time, she acknowledges those details, such as Neilsen's continued faith in the Communist ideology after leaving Canada, which may never be fully understood.

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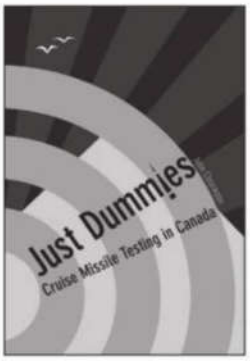

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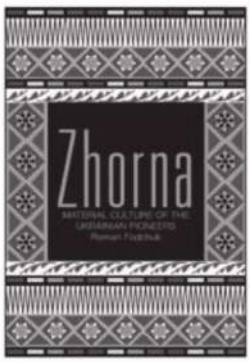

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Famous Name Trains
by David Lawrence Jones
Fifth House Ltd., Calgary, 2006
208 pp., $39.95 hardcover

Dare to dream of travelling with civility. At a time when economy air travel has plummeted to new depths of inconvenience, consider the train. Only a leisurely train trip will afford the quality time required to fully appreciate David Lawrence Jones's *Famous Name Trains: Travelling in Style with the CPR*, a wonderfully illustrated, highly evocative, and painstakingly annotated journey through the Canadian Pacific Railway's archives of famous trains. Photographs and text marry in descriptions of CPR trains, from the unadorned to the stylish. Interiors of the early colonist cars offered nothing more than communal sleeping arrangements and wooden seats, but at the CPR's height of luxury, its glamorous cars looked – and felt – like posh men's clubs on rails, complete with elaborately stylized wooden veneers, plush carpets, and cozy, overstuffed chairs. Readers gain an understanding of the evolution of the passenger train, including improvements such as engine strength, heating, interior design, and even trends in dining, or what the CPR called the "art of having something to eat" in an art deco poster produced in late 1920s.

While the focus of the book is the CPR's famous name trains, Jones delves into almost every aspect of Canadian rail travel, touching on other enterprises that contributed to the railway's development. Refreshingly, particularly for a book in which photographs are central, the captions are unabashedly punchy, at times directly interrogating their subject, adding descriptive layers behind the events, people, and relationships captured by the camera's flash. Manager of internal communications at Canadian Pacific Railway, David Lawrence Jones has worked for fourteen years in the railway's corporate archives, researching and collecting stories and anecdotes. He makes a wonderful travel companion in his newest book on the CPR's rich heritage.

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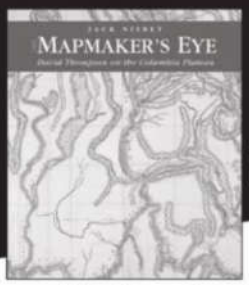

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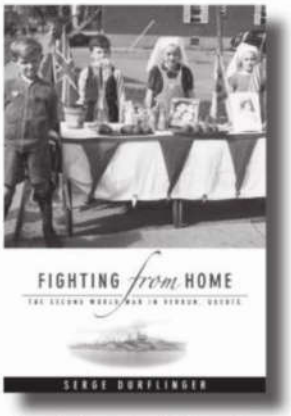

Fighting from Home
The Second World War in Verdun, Quebec

Serge Durflinger

296 pages, 23 b/w photos, 2 maps
pb $29.95

"Never look too closely," the professionals told me; it only complicates the story. Serge Durflinger got up close with the Montreal suburb of Verdun. The results are fascinating. You may find that Quebec and the Second World War never look the same again.

– Desmond Morton, author of *Fight or Pay*

Durflinger introduces readers to mid-twentieth-century Verdun, a linguistically-mixed, working-class city bordering Montreal. His lively study of civic pride and wartime patriotism breaks new ground in attempting to understand war at the local level.

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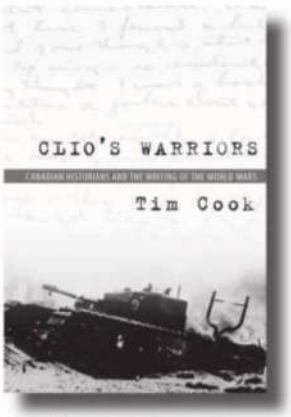

Clio's Warriors
Canadian Historians and the Writing of the World Wars

Tim Cook

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One of the greatest elements for capturing the public's attention about any given war is the historians themselves who write it... [Cook] takes a unique look at this issue, which makes for a fascinating read for those looking to know the motivations behind Canada's historians.

– *Esprit De Corps Magazine*

Even if we accept that no history can be definitive, a meritorious few are destined for long and productive lives and Clio's Warriors stands high amongst that rank.

– Roger Hall, *Literary Review of Canada*

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Christopher Moore

Can History Save a Town?

In Trinity, Newfoundland, a visionary plan for heritage preservation not only rescued some splendid buildings, it rescued the community's well-being.

Was everyone you spoke to last summer just back from Newfoundland or talking of going soon? In my circles, it seemed that way.

When you go to Newfoundland, one place you are likely to visit is Trinity, a beautiful town that has been home to fishing fleets and merchants since the early 1600s. Though it had yielded economic and political primacy on the island to St. John's by the nineteenth century, becoming mostly a local port and supply centre, today it's widely considered "the jewel" of Newfoundland heritage tourism.

When we were there, we stayed at a charming local inn. Ate seafood at a sophisticated restaurant in an old workshop. Took in a revue at Rising Tide Theatre. Followed Kevin Toope on his lively walking tour. Toured the reconstructed home of eighteenth-century merchant-prince Benjamin Lester and many other heritage properties. Browsed through Island crafts in the stores.

Okay, we passed on the whale watching and kayaking, weren't there for the historical pageant, and walked only one of the many spectacular coastal trails. Whatever we did, the central draw was the heritage preservation district that covers two-thirds of the town of Trinity: streets, gardens, fences, and private homes all evoking the distinctive look and feel of a traditional Newfoundland seaport town. Trinity is a great place just to walk around in.

But hundreds of places on the Island are no less beautiful, no less historic than Trinity. And most of those have been abandoned to nature and ghosts, or else modernized beyond recognition. What made Trinity special?

St. Paul's Anglican Church in Trinity, Newfoundland, was built in 1894 in the Gothic Revival architectural style.

Mostly, it was a handful of people about forty years ago. In the 1950s, Walter White, a customs officer, began restoring his family's old home in the centre of Trinity. "In those days, people were going around tearing down old buildings, but a few people thought they should be preserved," says Jim Miller, who at twenty-eight is too young to remember, but today is both coordinator of the Trinity Historical Society (THS) and mayor of the town. According to Walter White's daughter-in-law, Florence White, his restoration project "was his way of saying, 'These houses are valuable,' at a time when everyone was tearing places down. He was giving by his own example the message that these homes were worth saving."

White's gesture helped inspire others. In 1964, townspeople founded the historical society. White's collection of artifacts became a museum. His (and his father's) collection of local records, some literally saved from bonfires, were preserved as archives. "I remember Walter White, back in the 1960s, going out to abandoned communities and collecting artifacts and records," says Kevin Toope, the walking-tour impresario, whose own family came to Trinity from the abandoned outport of Ireland's Eye. "In those days, homes and their contents lay abandoned in the resettled communities. You could just pick them up." Such ideas were still strange; the THS's new museum was the first anywhere outside of St. John's.

But the preservationist idea caught on. In 1969, the town was incorporated, with strong THS representation on the council. Under a new bylaw passed in the 1970s, preservation of traditional architectural styles was no longer an eccentric whim. It became mandatory in most of the town, with federal and provincial grants helping to cover the costs of compliance.

With that commitment, notable buildings were restored to period and opened to the public. Churches and cemeteries were preserved. Provincial and federal historic-sites services, archivists, and conservators provided support. As visitors began to arrive, bed and breakfasts opened, and marine biologist Peter Beamish opened both an inn and a whale-watching business.

Early in the 1990s, theatre joined the mix. Donna Butt of Rising Tide Theatre Company was casting about, she said recently, for "a festival of Newfoundland theatre, a way to place the plays geographically and to perform them where they happen. It seemed to me we could marry a professional expertise in theatre to the people they were about."

Butt admits that marriage wasn't always easy; soon, however, the Trinity Historical Pageant offered a fresh take on local history, and visitors still follow actors through the streets as they perform scenes inspired by the THS archives. Rising Tide eventually moved permanently to Trinity and launched the full season of plays Butt dreamed of. Today, Rising Tide occupies a modern theatre that is also a reconstruction of a long-demolished mercantile warehouse. Even the movies came to town: both Hollywood's *The Shipping News* and CBC's *Random Passage* were filmed nearby.

Trinity's crowning success may have been the rebuilding of the Lester-Garland House. With construction begun in 1762 by the powerful merchant Benjamin Lester, the three-storey house of imported brick had been condemned as unsafe and demolished in the 1960s. "It was heartbreaking for Walter [White] when the Brick House came down," his daughter-in-law recalls. "A brick mansion begun here in 1762 – that was proof that this community was not founded on mere transience."

In the 1990s, White's son David, by then mayor and head of the THS, helped see the Lester-Garland House rebuilt at a cost of more than one million dollars. Much of it, including the bricks, came from friends of Trinity in the Dorset, England town of Poole, home port to many Trinity settlers, including the Lesters.

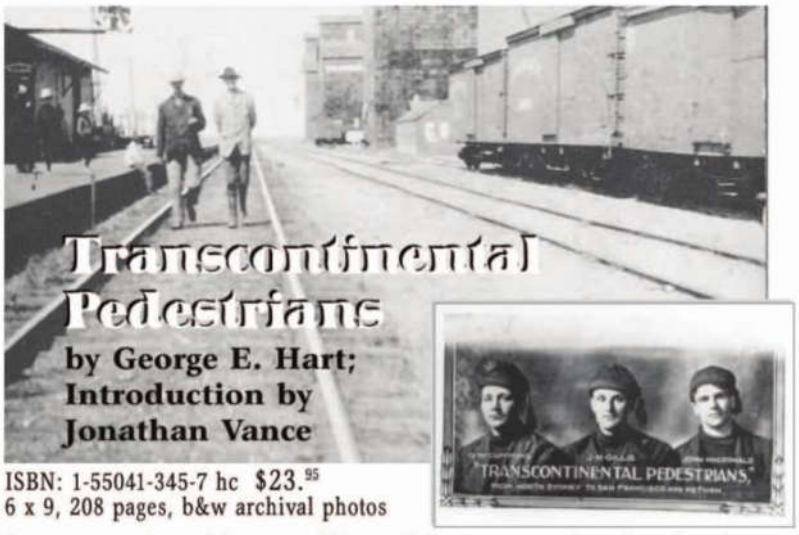
Today, Trinity educates and entertains visitors and Islanders all summer and fall, but there are concerns. Not only is fundraising an endless demand, but, as Kevin Toope explains, "Since our shipyards that employed one hundred people closed last year, it has been hard to support people year-round. People are moving away for permanent jobs. Even for the tourist economy, it is a problem. We used to have lots of post-secondary students come home for the summer and work in tourism and heritage. Now whole families are moving away." Florence White, who now runs the THS museum, fears that if community support falters, the whole heritage project will wither.

Last summer was the first time in more than a decade that Newfoundlanders were permitted "a recreational food fishery": five cod per person per day for just about one month of the year. Newfoundlanders took to it as if they had regained a basic human right, for without a sustainable fishery, rural Newfoundland's challenges remain overwhelming. Tourism alone provides no panacea, even in Trinity.

Still Trinity has built something important from the vision of a few individuals: not only jobs, but also cultural affirmation, artistic achievement, and, for visitors like me, a historical experience unique in the world.

"Trinity was a place of big businesses and beautiful homes," says Florence White. "We want to remember that."

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *The Beaver*.



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Getaway

Kay-Nah-Chi-Wah-Nung, or "The Place of the Long Rapids," is the location of the Manitou Mounds, the largest burial mound complex in Canada.

KAY-NAH-CHI-WAH-NUNG HISTORICAL CENTRE

Northern Exposure

Spurred by recent polls calling to unite northern Ontario and Manitoba, Peter Unwin embarks on a trek from Kenora to Fort Frances to discover the history behind Ontario's oft-neglected region.

Officially opened in 1932, Highway 71 (then known as "Heenan's Highway") is a Depression works project linking Fort Frances and the Rainy River region with Kenora, Ontario. At the time it was built, local MP Peter Heenan boasted, in a hammy dinner speech joke, that with this road his constituents could now go to where "the hand of man has never set foot."

Today this highway is designated a "scenic byway" by the American Automobile Association. Its southern terminus links up with Highway 11, or, as it's known in Toronto, Yonge Street. Forty-three kilometres east of this intersection is the town of Fort Frances, where French fur trader La Vérendrye made an early appearance. Between 1731 and 1737, he built several trading posts between Lake Superior and Lake Winnipeg. In 1732, Fort St. Charles was constructed at an inlet along Lake of the Woods. This fort was an important base of operations until 1760 because of the fur trade and its location between Montreal and forts further west. Today, La Vérendrye's image looks remarkably like Cyrano de Bergerac as it flaps from banners on the La Vérendrye Parkway, a riverfront trail that has made Fort Frances a town where, on hot days, you can comfortably dive off the sidewalk for a swim.

Established in the late eighteenth century as Lac La Pluie House, a fur trading post, the location was renamed Fort Frances in 1830 to honour the wife of Hudson's Bay Company Governor George Simpson. The original post traded in furs, wild rice, and isinglass – used in confectionary and desserts – made from the sturgeon that were once caught in massive numbers. The original post was destroyed by fire in 1903. Located in the centre of town is the Fort Frances Museum and Cultural Centre, occupying the original Scott Street School that, at one time, boasted factory-made desks, each holding two pupils. The building has been a school, a legion hall, a police station, an assessment office, a chamber of commerce, and in 1978 took its current incarnation as a cozy and informative museum with a large archive of the region's history.

For nearly a century, Fort Frances has been a pulp and paper town. The Abitibi-Consolidated plant produces eight hundred tons of paper daily; indoors, it contains a conglomeration of machinery larger than three Canadian football fields. The plant also produces an aroma described by one resident as "the smell of money."

COURTESY LAKE OF THE WOODS MUSEUM/PETER UNWIN

A permanent exhibit at the Lake of the Woods Museum focuses on household and social life between 1890 and 1920, a time of tremendous growth for Kenora. Parlour, kitchen, and bedroom vignettes take visitors back in time.

COURTESY OF THE FORT FRANCES MUSEUM

The Fort Frances Museum collects and preserves artifacts that relate to the history of Fort Frances and the surrounding Rainy River district, such as a fur-trade exhibit that includes a portrait of Lady Frances, the young bride of Sir George Simpson and the town's namesake.

Fifty kilometres west of Fort Frances, on Highway 11, is the Kay-Nah-Chi-Wah-Nung Historical Centre. People have been gathering in this area for eight thousand years, leaving behind the largest burial mound complex in Canada. This favoured region along the shores of the Rainy River, a stone's throw from Minnesota, and just sixty kilometres from the headwaters of the Mississippi River, was a pivotal centre for native trade and travel. The site itself spans three kilometres of Rainy River shoreline, is thought to encompass five thousand years of human activity, and includes fifteen burial mounds, known as the Manitou Mounds. The burial mounds, built by the Laurel Culture, protrude from a flat prairie landscape, silent and evocative. Also at Kay-Nah-Chi-Wah-Nung, a superb visitors centre showcases a sturgeon up close in a tank, an interpretive gallery, and conservation labs. If you're lucky, staff may cook up some fresh pan-fried pickerel for lunch.

On the north terminus of Highway 33 is Kenora, a lively and scenic town that serves as the gateway to western Canada. Once named Rat Portage in deference to a native name literally translated as "portage to the country of the muskrat," the first trading post was called Rat Portage House. From 1870 to 1889, the town was part of the Ontario/Manitoba boundary dispute, with each province claiming a section, to the point of maintaining separate jails in the same town. The matter was settled in Ontario's favour in 1889 by the British Privy Council. In 1905, the Maple Leaf Flour Company, concerned about the word "Rat" appearing on its flour sacks, refused to build an operation in the town. Shortly after, the town obligingly changed its name to Kenora, taking "KE" from Keewatin, a sister town, "NO" from Norman, another adjacent village, and "RA" from Rat.

The area's rather complex history is hinted at in a series of murals that grace the walls of downtown buildings. Also downtown is the Lake of the Woods Museum. Originally conceived to house the artifacts belonging to a 1920s Indian Agent, the museum now contains more than 25,000 artifacts related to the region, including authentic porcupine quill decorations, indigenous only to North America, and the remarkable photographs of Carl Gustave Linde, who arrived in Kenora in 1905. Today, the Kenora skyline is still dominated by the once-stunning Kenricia Hotel, with its multi-coloured panels that convey a sense of Kenora's golden age of bootlegging, well-dressed criminals, and well-heeled tourists.

Peter Unwin, a frequent contributor to *The Beaver*, is the author of *The Wolf's Head: Writing Lake Superior*, and the novel, *Nine Bells for a Man*. He is currently at work on *Hard Surface*, an interpretive history of Canadian roads.

If you go ...

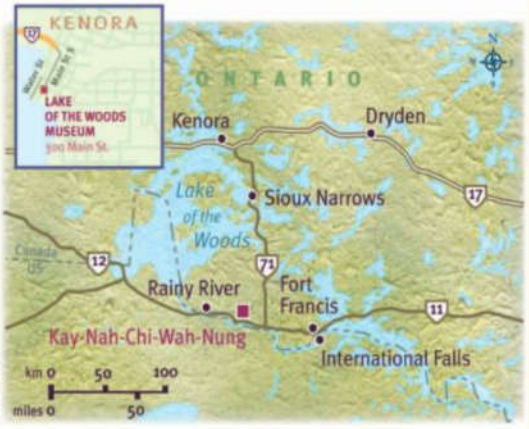
When travelling north or south on Highway 71, pay particular attention to the wooden bridge at Sioux Narrows. It is thought to be the longest wooden single-span bridge in the world.

To learn more about the Sioux Narrows Bridge, visit <www.siouxnarrows-bridge.org/faq.html>.

The Kay-Nah-Chi-Wah-Nung Historical Centre is a must-see destination. To get there, travel west on Highway 11 for fifty kilometres past Fort Frances, turn south on Shaw Road for three kilometres, then turn east toward Kay-Nah-Chi-Wah-Nung.

Whether your trip is beginning or ending in Kenora, be sure to visit the Lake of the Woods Museum.

It is open daily in July and August, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. During all other months, it is open from Tuesday to Saturday, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.



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Your Story

I Married York Factory

Adeline (Ina) Goldring weds and is whisked north to Hudson Bay where kind hearts and grand adventures vanquish the isolation.

I was quite young – only twenty – when my husband and I were married in Middlechurch, Manitoba, in 1934. Immediately following our wedding Ed landed his first teaching position, arranged through the Anglican Church. He was asked to teach the native peoples living around historic York Factory, far away on the remote northern shore of Hudson Bay. We'd heard that was where Lord Selkirk's settlers had landed when they arrived in Canada. We'd also heard about their hardships – so initially, we were both somewhat dismayed. But then we started to think it could be an adventure, especially when we learned that we were to take the train to Gillam and then travel the next 200 kilometres by dog team. We could scarcely imagine it, but apparently dogsled was the only method of transportation to the area in the wintertime. Only then did I begin to understand how isolated we would be in the North.

When we departed our train in Gillam, we were greeted by a number of Husky dogs that were milling about. There were several additional sleds for our luggage, too. Our native drivers and guides packed the sleds, managing the dogs with great finesse. Ed and I were dressed warmly for this new adventure; we were outfitted in parkas, snow pants, and a sort of moccasin, like a mukluk, on our feet. The guides bundled us up in warm blankets – Hudson's Bay blankets as I recall – and buffalo robes. Wearing all of these layers, we were quite warm.

It was a strange feeling gliding over the snow so quickly. The guides managed their dogs, directing them with an occasional shout as we sped along on our journey. It took more than two days to reach York Factory. Our drivers and guides had taken this trip many times, it seemed, as they knew which provisions to bring, how to cook the food, and where to spend the nights. On our first night we stayed in an old log cabin.

Ina Goldring and native guides making the long journey to York Factory.

My first view of our destination was glimpsed through the treeline – I saw a stretch of flat tundra and beyond that the vast, ice-covered Hudson Bay. Rising alone on the shore was York Factory, large and imposing. Nearby, close to the trees, was a cluster of small buildings, including the church, archdeacon's house, and a one-room schoolhouse, where my husband had been hired to teach.

Our own home was a three-room log cabin. Though quite small, it was cozy and had a good woodstove. To live in a log house was adventure indeed, and we often felt like pioneers.

Before we arrived at York Factory there had been five white people living in the community: Archdeacon Faries and his wife, the manager of the Hudson's Bay Company store and his clerk, and the proprietor of the grocery store. At first, it felt strange to be in the minority, as everyone else in the community was aboriginal.

I look back with fondness at those native families. They were so good to us – generous and welcoming. They would bring us deer meat or grouse they had caught and fish they had pulled from the bay. We grew very close over the five years I lived up north, and I attended many native weddings.

The congregation of the church was made up of members of the native groups living close to our little community. Ed taught school from Monday to Friday, plus he taught Sunday school. Archdeacon Faries oversaw the Sunday service in the church, and his wife played the organ. But sometimes – quite often, in fact – Archdeacon Faries was away with his wife at the hospital because she was frequently ill. When they were away, Ed would give the service by himself – something like a one-man band. He would deliver the sermon, play the organ, direct the singing, say the prayers, all the time running back and forth between the pulpit and the organ. Behind the scenes, he cleaned the church and saw to the heat in the winter. (We also managed a first-aid station, where we dispensed medicines and ointments.)

As for entertainment – we made our own, of course. I learned to become a good bridge player, and we also passed the time walking and fishing. York Factory, located on an estuary between two rivers – the Hayes and the Nelson – permitted fishing

INA GOLDRING

in both. Ed was not above having fun in more reckless ways. One notable hijinks arose when he found an old cannon buried in the sand. There were also lots of cannonballs scattered around, remnants of historic battles fought on the shores of York Factory.

The battles dated back to the year 1697, when the French were trying to wrest control of the fur trade from the English Hudson's Bay Company. Equipped with a total of forty-four cannon, Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville had anchored his ship, the *Pelican*, just off the coast by York Factory while waiting for three more French ships that had been lost in the fog. Before backup arrived, three English ships surprised them, and a huge battle broke out. In the nick of time, the three lost French ships emerged from the fog. The result: York Factory was taken by the French. The Hudson's Bay Company did not get the fort back until 1713 through the Treaty of Utrecht. So, the cannonballs and cannon lying around the area would have come from this battle. The balls would have been fired from D'Iberville's forty-four cannon.

My husband thought it would be great fun to see if this old cannon could still be fired. No sooner had the idea presented itself then he went to work setting it up on a strong foundation. It fired! We took a photograph of the effort. The power of the explosion and the flames were astonishing. Ed found the experience very exciting, but I was too worried for his safety to share his enthusiasm.

After five years, we said farewell to York Factory. I look back now on our adventure as a rewarding, wonderful glimpse into a very different lifestyle. People who live in the North have to be more ingenious, inventive, and self-sufficient. They are warm and caring neighbours. Years later, I learned that a number of babies born in the community around the time that Ed and I were living there had been named after us – Ed and Ina.

Ninety-three-year-old Adeline (Ina) Goldring lives in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Her memories of York Factory were transcribed by her friend Ruth Moore.

Coming in *The Beaver* February • March

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A pickling jar's gruesome contents bring Henry Croft to fame as Canada's first forensic detective.
BY PAUL DALBY

The Best Year of His Life
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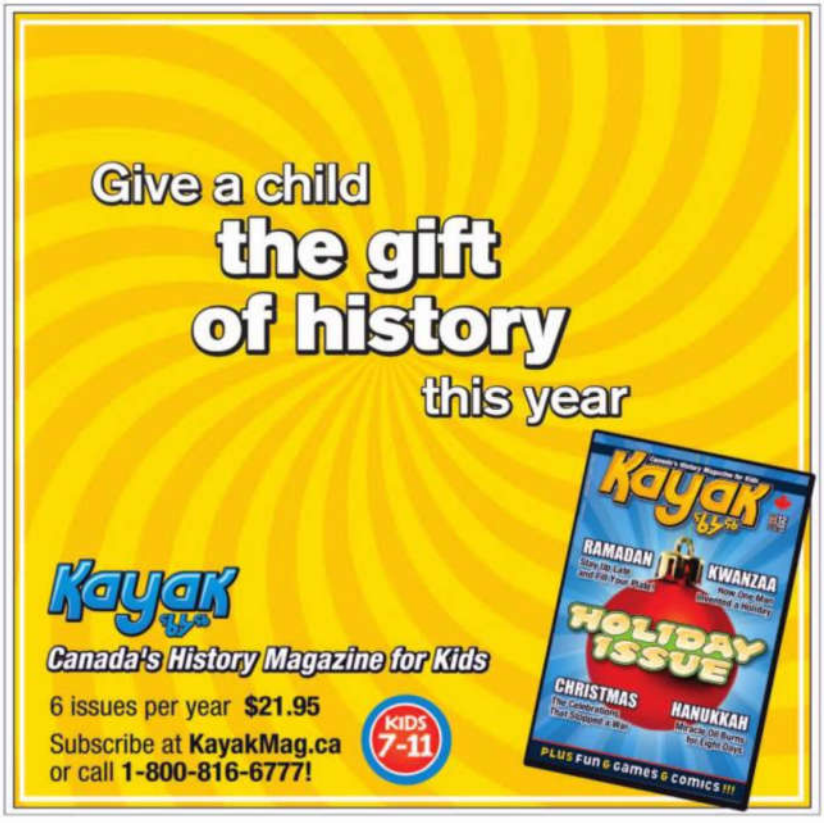
BY PAUL BUTLER

The Book of Negroes
A handwritten ledger of black Loyalists fleeing New York at the end of the American Revolutionary War hints at a harrowing odyssey.
BY LAWRENCE HILL



News from Canada's National History Society

History Matters

Canada's National History Society
publisher of **The Beaver** *Canada's History Magazine* and **Kayak** *Canada's History Magazine for Kids*

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Founded in 1994 to popularize Canadian history, the work of Canada's National History Society includes **The Beaver, Kayak: Canada's History Magazine for Kids,** the **Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History** to honour the country's best history teachers, and the **Pierre Berton Award** to recognize those who have brought history to a wider audience.

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The Beaver was founded in 1920 by the Hudson's Bay Company, whose commitment to the History Society and its programs continues today through the ***Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation***.

The real crisis for museums in Canada

Message from the President and CEO of Canada's National History Society, Deborah Morrison.

NASC PICTURE

The Canada Science and Technology Museum in Ottawa fulfills a special role by helping the public understand the ongoing relationships between science, technology and Canadian society.

By now, most readers will be aware of the recent funding cuts to the Museum Assistance Program announced by the federal government. These $4.3-million cuts to the program further erode essential support to largely volunteer-led, regional museums. Several of you have contacted Canada's National History Society, urging us to advocate on behalf of these organizations. It is an easy cause to take up. But it's just as easy to see why the federal government felt it was expendable – however lamentable.

The case for Canadian museums is clear. Five of the six recipients we honoured at this year's Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History had integrated museum visits, archival research, or some other community component into their teaching plans. And yet, those teachers spoke of the many barriers and obstacles they faced in realizing their projects. For most schools, funding for field trips has dwindled to almost nothing.

Most small museums provide a presence for our history and our culture that cannot be replicated by the national institutions. Thus, investments in our national museums, essential and important as they are, cannot be the breadth and extent of a national museums policy. Otherwise, centralization of our most important historical assets, leading to the decline of our

regional historic institutions, will distance Canadians from their national culture and heritage.

The Canadian Museums Association executive director says that, generally, foreigners represent 59 percent of total visitors to Canada's museums. Our largest institution, the Canadian Museum of Civilization, for instance, saw two million visitors in 2005–06. With more than half of them foreigners, that means roughly 3 percent of the total Canadian population visited. As well, only 12 percent of Canadians will visit a national historic site over the course of a year. Ironically, foreign tourism to our museums and historic sites fares better, with 37–39 percent of overseas tourists visiting a museum or historic site.

In 2004, Statistics Canada also conducted a study on charitable giving and volunteerism. It found that only 13 percent of Canadian donors contributed to causes categorized as "arts, culture, and recreation," accounting for roughly 3 percent of the total funds donated in Canada. Similarly, only 13 percent of Canadians volunteered to support a "cultural, education, or hobby organization."

So it seems that the history community needs to develop a strategy to engage more Canadians in the collective work we do. It's a fair question for the government to ask: if no one goes to these museums, then why should we keep funding them?

JEAN ALBERT

Le Musée de la mer at Pointe-au-Père, Quebec.

The best response to that question begins with us – the active friends of the museums, archives, and historical societies across the country. We know you as a *Beaver* reader are likely among the museum supporters, so who better to help expand the network? We need to boost the statistics and demonstrate that Canadians care about what happens to our museums and historical institutions.

PETER ST. JOHN

Costumed interpreters at Lower Fort Garry, Manitoba.

Collectively, small actions can make a large impact. Support your local institutions with a visit, a donation, or a gift membership. Contact a school in your area and offer to sponsor a classroom trip. Write to your MP. And if you are still not sure where to start, consider making a donation to the Museums Foundation of Canada, a charity established to help support local museums (c/o Canadian Museums Association 280 Metcalfe St., Suite 400 Ottawa, Ontario K2P 1R7).

One Thomson family member, commenting on his decision to fund the repatriation of significant and rare northwest native art, summed it up best in the *Globe and Mail*, October 6, 2006: "I know the government is under tremendous pressure; there's been a lot of criticism … Life is life, governments make priorities. But at the end of the day we're Canadians – this is a defining moment, and we need to, all of us, share in it."

CHRISTIAN FLEURY

J. Douglas Barrington

New chair elected to the History Society

Elected as new chair of the CNHS board of directors is J. Douglas Barrington. Mr. Barrington joined the History Society board in 2003 and has most recently served as chair of both the audit and finance, and development committees. In June 2006 Mr. Barrington retired as an active partner and former Vice Chair, Deloitte & Touche LLP, Canada. He brings a depth of experience to the History Society due to his professional expertise in strategic planning, governance, public performance and accountability, and prior not-for-profit board participation. Mr. Barrington is fluently bilingual in English and French.

With regret, the History Society accepted the resignation of René Durocher, long-standing member and chair of the CNHS board of directors. Appointed to the board in 1999, Mr. Durocher, a well-respected historian and author on Quebec history, was instrumental in the development of the History Society's new initiatives and outreach programs. A true advocate of making history more popular, his wise counsel will be missed.

Rewarding Excellence

The 2006 Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History honoured seven teachers – Antony Caruso, Kim Chagnon, Jennifer Johnson-George, Julie-Catherine Mercadier, Greg Miyanaga, Blake Seward, and Mary Scott – who demonstrate passion and creativity in leading their students toward an understanding and appreciation of Canadian history. On September 28, Her Excellency, the Governor General of Canada, the Right Honourable Michaëlle Jean, recognized their contributions at a special award ceremony at Rideau Hall. The History Society is grateful for the teams at Rideau Hall and at the Library and Archives Canada for their continued support of this program.

CHRISTIAN FLEURY

From left to right, front row: Julie-Catherine Mercadier, Jennifer Johnson-George, Mary Scott, Kim Chagnon, Greg Miyanaga, Antony Caruso. Back row: Ian Wilson, Brian Young, Charlotte Gray, J. Douglas Barrington, Blake Seward, Don Newman.

CPL ISSA PARK, RIDEAU HALL

Award recipients with Her Excellency, the Right Honourable Michaëlle Jean. To her left is CNHS Chair J. Douglas Barrrington, and to her right is CNHS President and CEO Deborah Morrison.

CHRISTIAN FLEURY

A National Archives tour presenter provides the recipients and their guests with a tour inside the Art Vault of the Library and Archives Canada Preservation Centre.

CHRISTIAN FLEURY

Parliamentary Secretary to the Prime Minister Jason Kenney poses with Calgary recipient Jennifer Johnson-George.

CHRISTIAN FLEURY

History Society Chair J. Douglas Barrington congratulates this year's team winners, Mary Scott and Kim Chagnon.

CHRISTIAN FLEURY

The Honourable Stephan Dion with Montreal recipient Julie-Catherine Mercadier.

CHRISTIAN FLEURY

CNHS board director Brian Young with Gillian Manning, Vice President of TD, a sponsor of the event.

CHRISTIAN FLEURY

Award recipient Julie-Catherine Mercadier looking at the collection from the Art Vault of the Library and Archives Canada Preservation.

Award Winner Q&A

Canada's National History Society is pleased to announce Ken McGoogan as the winner of the 2006 Pierre Berton Award for popularizing Canadian history. Now in its twelfth year, the Berton Award has become the biggest history prize in Canada. This year's award events were held at the Empire Landmark Hotel in conjunction with the National History Conference in Vancouver, on October 21, 2006.

Montreal-born Ken McGoogan has achieved fame – and a little notoriety – for three internationally published biographies focusing on northern exploration – *Fatal Passage*, *Ancient Mariner*, and *Lady Franklin's Revenge*. He has drawn on research skills developed as a journalist and narrative techniques honed writing novels to produce compelling accounts of northern adventure. *Beaver* editor Doug Whiteway interviewed Ken McGoogan earlier this fall. To read the unabridged version, visit <www.historysociety.ca>.

Q You've worked for newspapers, written novels – what drew you to Arctic exploration as a subject for nonfiction, and what keeps you there?

A I stumbled into Arctic exploration by chance after I won a three-month fellowship to Cambridge University. I had intended to write a contemporary novel with a historical subplot revolving around explorer John Rae. But while researching I discovered that Rae had fallen victim to injustice. Because he revealed an unwelcome truth – that some of the final survivors of the 1845 Franklin expedition had resorted to cannibalism – he was effectively written out of the historical record. I felt driven to correct this injustice. And I realized that the best way to do that was to write the book as nonfiction. The result was *Fatal Passage*.

Writing that book led me to Samuel Hearne, the eighteenth-century explorer who anticipated Rae in his respect for native peoples; and also to Jane Lady Franklin, who not only orchestrated the erasure of Rae, but turned her hapless husband, Sir John Franklin, into a legendary hero and opened up the map of the Arctic. I am now writing a book called *The Great Escape Across the Polar Ice*, about adventurer Elisha Kent Kane, so I appear to be staying in the Arctic.

What keeps me there? I feel like a kid who, awakening in a forest, begins following a trail of breadcrumbs. Every once in a while, I straighten up, look around at the trees, and wonder if I should use my GPS to escape this timberland. But then I think, why do that? Nothing out there is half as intriguing as these breadcrumbs.

Q In your books, you've used what are sometimes described as "novelistic techniques" – imagined conversations and internal monologues – that are generally thought unorthodox in history-writing circles. What drove you to do this?

A I do take a more literary approach than is customary. I had spent years writing and reviewing novels, and also I had taught narrative nonfiction, starting with classics by Truman Capote, Piers Paul Read, and Tom Wolfe. When I sat down to write about John Rae, naturally I brought all my storytelling resources to bear. I didn't think I was doing anything revolutionary. Now I realize that historical biography is an especially conservative genre that needs to be dragged kicking and screaming into the twenty-first century.

Q And what has been the reaction? Who most approves of your approach? Who most disapproves?

A Reviewers in Canada, England, Australia, and the U.S. have lauded all three of my historical biographies. So I think I can say that the reaction has been overwhelmingly favorable. A few people disapprove, but how could it be otherwise? All three of these books challenge well-entrenched orthodoxies. Those who have a vested interest in outmoded interpretations, among them tenured academics and envious nitpickers, can't help striking back when they get a chance.

KEN MCGOOGAN

2006 Pierre Berton Award-winner Ken McGoogan.

Q What does it mean to you to win the Pierre Berton Award?

A On a personal level, this award means a lot to me. Professionally, of course, the recognition is huge. For Canadians who write history, the Berton Award is the Giller Prize.

Q How would you describe Canadians' relationship to their own history?

A We run from our history. We try to hide from its northerliness. But the North, and the reality of our nordicity, will not be denied. I think of Glenn Gould, confined to Toronto, creating his *Idea of North*. I think of Gilles Vigneault in Quebec City, singing *Mon pays ce n'est pas un pays, c'est l'hiver*. I think of the Group of Seven painting Arctic landscapes. I think of Margaret Atwood writing *Strange Things: The Malevolent North in Canadian Literature*, and of the cosmopolitan Mordecai Richler resorting, at the height of his powers, in *Solomon Gursky Was Here*, to ringing farcical changes on the story of the last Franklin expedition.

These examples teach a single lesson: geography and history are inseparable. If you immerse yourself in this country, you will eventually confront the North. Can an Australian shake off the psychic influence of the Outback? Can a North African obliterate the Sahara, or a Tibetan the looming presence of Mount Everest? Scratch around in the history of this place and you will discover the centrality of North.

The Canadian penchant for running from this reality has caused some professionals to worry about the future of our history. Certainly, a sociological approach to our collective life is currently in vogue. But I don't believe we can hide in that for long. I believe that, inevitably, the North will reassert itself – and our history. The fog will clear.

Album

Avery Fleming, who submitted this photograph, is the granddaughter of Ted and Jennie Avery Smith. She lives in Toronto, Ontario.

Season's greetings

No snow on the ground, but you wouldn't want to shock the folks back in England, would you? Better to have a Christmas picture shot in more temperate weather, like that of an English winter Ted and Jennie Avery Smith (right, holding baby Christine) might have enjoyed before they left Kings Norton, now a suburb of Birmingham, to take up this homestead near Borden, Saskatchewan. They arrived in 1905, but not many years after this photograph was taken, they sold the homestead (which was next door to the Diefenbaker property) and moved to Saskatoon, then Edmonton. Ted had been a shopkeeper in England, and shopkeeping he knew, not farming, particularly not farming on the Canadian prairies. Shopkeeping he returned to. Ted (not in the picture, but possibly the photographer) and his two sons, Eric and Stanley (here, as boys, with pitchfork and spade), joined up in the Great War. Eric, a fighter pilot, was shot down over France. Stanley survived the trenches and lived to be ninety-nine. Ted died from the Spanish flu at war's end. Widowed, Jennie, an ardent feminist who had run for public office in Edmonton in 1916, returned to England and remarried. Homesteading had been only an interlude.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Or email your submission to album@thebeaver.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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